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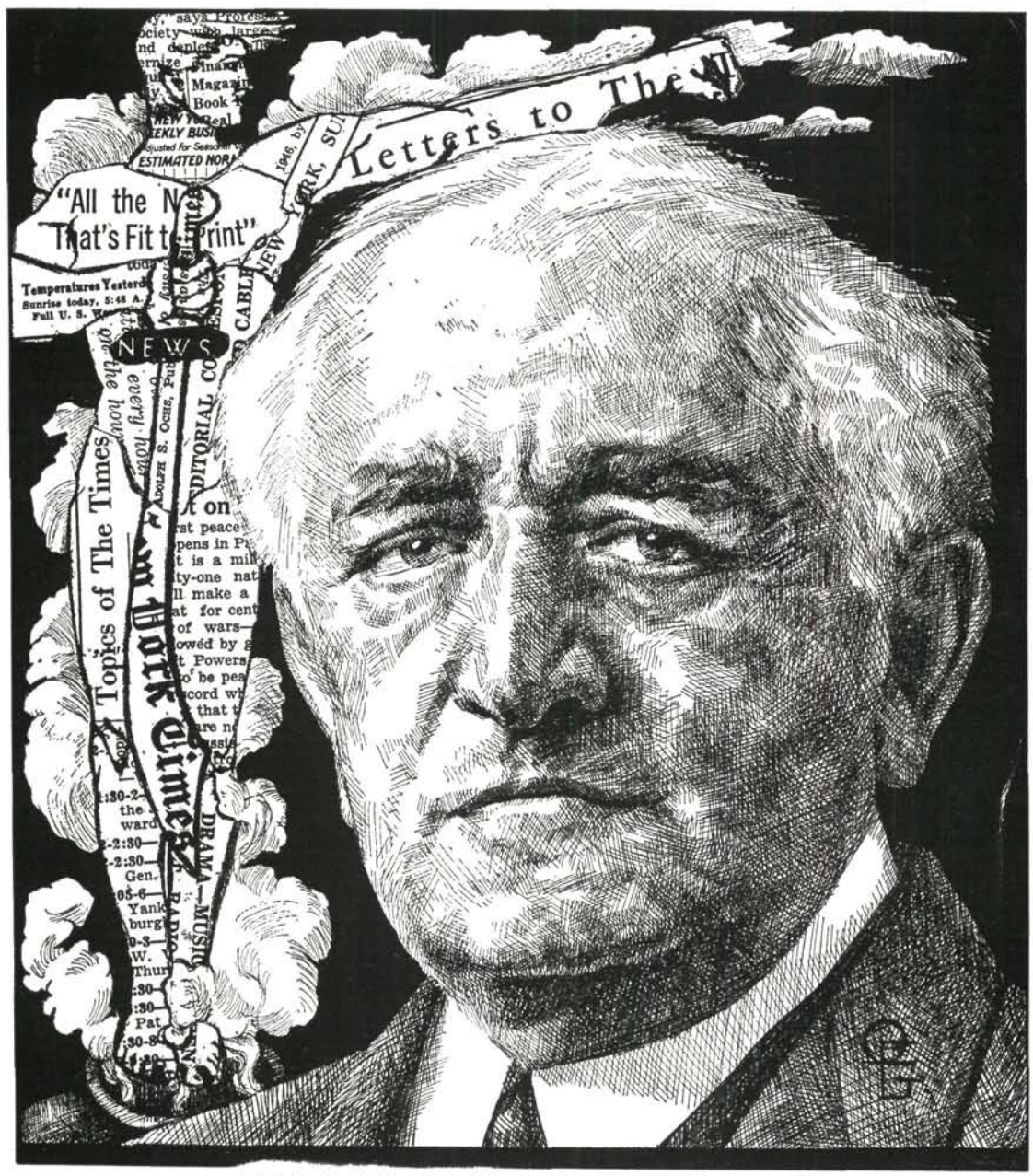

Adolph S. Ochs, "An Honorable Titan" *(See page 7)*

One Man's Rediscovery of America

By WALLACE STEGNER

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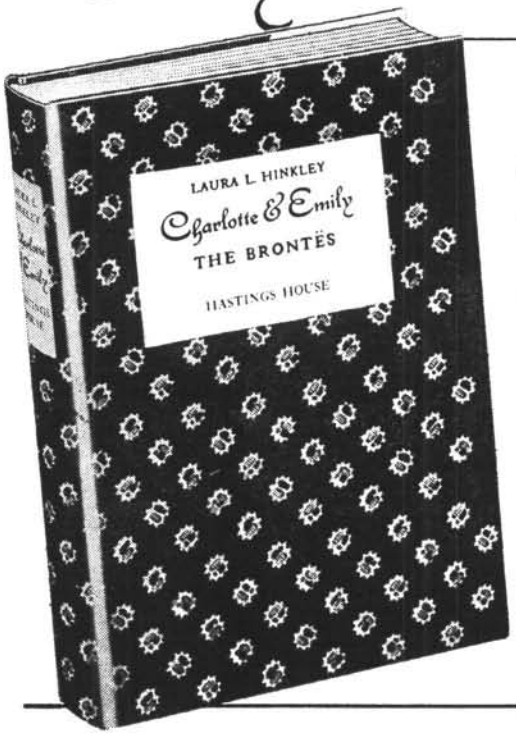

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About a man in search of many things

SOME YEARS AGO when we began this series of articles the "readership" of the *Saturday Review of Literature* was not in the astronomical figures it is today. But from the start we regarded these pieces as necessary essays on publishing. Advertisements yes, but more. We've all taken turns writing them, sometimes doing ads on our special favorites, other times writing about some feature of publishing which seemed to us to need a page by itself. It's a great deal of fun and work and when we are asked, as we frequently are, who does our *SRL* ads we can only reply that all of us do. Today it has occurred to one of us that "Everypublisher" is a man to consider.

To begin with, "Everypublisher" is a man in search of many things. He follows a fairly predictable path moved by certain simple desires: he would like, each spring and fall, to bring out a well-balanced list of very good books which would all sell well; he would like to have a personality which would remind authors of roaring wood fires on cold winter nights; he would like "Everyman" to read without moving his lips. "Everypublisher" is a dreamer, but he is an adventurer too. He would stir a kettle with the Weird Sisters if he thought that out of all the boiling, messy brew he might extract a reasonable answer to what makes a best seller and/or what does the public want?

Certain publishers we know have the same old hankering after "Everypublisher's" chimeras, but they go about pursuing them in different ways. At *Henry Holt* we rely on the collective judgment of our editors for final decisions on whether or not a title will be published. We may not all agree with those final selections, we may argue ourselves black in the face and red at the ears, but the majority rules.

During the war years, books chosen by Holt collective "taste" sold in quantities no one had dreamed possible. (And "taste", the unpredictable, remains the essence of publishing success.) Now that columns are being filled with speculations on "conversion" reading we have the concern of "Everypublisher" for what the public wants next. All the way down the line from the first go-ahead on a new title to the time we come to tell you about it in these pages our work is a peculiar blend of majority rule and individual specialization. We feel a very close fraternity with all of you who read the *SRL*. We don't believe you would have too much respect for us if we were to publish timorously—and anyway we are proud people. Will our collective judgment be that of the book reading American public? We hope so, and we think so, too.

We are proud of our almost one hundred year old tradition of introducing new writers and new subjects before there is a general awareness of the need for them. Henry Holt, our founder, persuaded William James to write PRINCIPLES OF PSYCHOLOGY when psychology was little more than a dictionary term; Walter Lippmann was a very young man when he appeared under our imprint. And despite the signpost along the Road to Cerfdom that "imprints" are not remembered by the reader, we are proud to have introduced these writers who had to be heard.

In the past few months we've been working on our list of fall publications. It's too early to say much about them, of course, and you'll have a more detailed account of what they are as publication dates come up. Ernie Gann, who wrote ISLAND IN THE SKY, has put the early days of mail flying into a beautiful novel called BLAZE OF NOON. Janet Diebold has done a sensitive and perceptive piece of writing in a first novel laid in Denmark, MANDRAKE ROOT. Scott Williamson, a charming Irishman, has a first novel about Puerto Rico, FIESTA AT ANDERSON'S HOUSE, which may well usher in post-war II literature. John Falter (he's done those fine covers for the *Saturday Evening Post* and illustrated our own Marine book, A RIBBON AND A STAR) teamed up with one of our other favorites, Corey Ford, to produce a wonderful, dizzy, turn-about story called THE HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR. If you go to the movies (and who doesn't?) there's James S. Pollak's powerful novel of Hollywood's coming-of-age, THE GOLDEN EGG. And there's more—THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and a book about that most grown-up of comics KRAZY KAT.

The greatest compliment the *SRL* ever paid us was to put that little word "Advertisement" at the bottom of this page. Please keep on reading it, as the Sad Sack says, anyway.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

One Man's Rediscovery of America

By WALLACE STEGNER

THIS is the first of a series of travel sketches by Mr. Stegner setting forth his experiences on a portion—the most interesting portion—of a recent coast-to-coast motor trip along the back roads, through sagebrush desert, alkali desert, sandrock desert, dune desert, Mormon oases, Indian country, and the Colorado Rockies. Mr. Stegner won the Little, Brown Novelette Contest in 1937 with "Remembering Laughter." He has since published "The Potter's House," "On a Darkling Plain," "Fire and Ice," "Mormon Country," and "The Big Rock Candy Mountain." "One Nation," which he wrote last year in collaboration with the editors of Look, *won the Houghton Mifflin Life in America Award and shared (with "Black Metropolis," by St. Clair Drake and Horace R. Cayton) the Anisfield-Wolf Award of $2,000 for the best book or books on racial relations, given annually under the sponsorship of* The Saturday Review of Literature. *He is at present professor of English at Stanford University, and is also West Coast editor for Houghton Mifflin. During the present summer he is also teaching at the Breadloaf Conference, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont—and in his spare time he is writing another novel.*

FRIDAY: I shall not begin where I probably should begin, with the preparations, with the maps spread all over the living-room rug, or with the late-afternoon start down the Santa Clara Valley and over Pacheco Pass into the San Joaquin, where after dark the power stations in the oilfields were jeweled clusters and the derricks were like a blasted forest on the hills. Those first hours of any trip are spent largely on the

unprofitable pastime of remembering the things that have been left behind or neglected or forgotten. I shall not waste much space on how we drove until ten and then groped our way off the road into an "inner-spring wash" outside Coalinga and unrolled our sleeping bags in the sand; or how I awoke several times during the night to see the moon moving down the sky and feel the little cold wind that crept down the wash and into the neck of my bag. It is comparatively irrelevant how stiff-legged Orion looked, walking over the hills, or how I sleepily tried to find the Little Dipper by climbing up its tail from the Pole Star, but lost it in a sky too milky with moonlight.

These are things one might begin with, but I should rather begin with how it feels to be out on the road again, dry-camping in the desert, hitting the road after five years of rationing and restrictions, doing what a good third of America is doing this summer, if the polls and the prophecies mean anything. For many people—and I sympathize with them—one of the least-bearable wartime deprivations was the loss of their mobility. We are a wheeled people; it seems to me sometimes that I must have been born with a steering wheel in my hands, and I realize now that to lose the use of a car is practically equivalent to losing the use of my legs.

Returning to the road after a layoff of several years is like reestablishing intimacy with a wife or lover. There are a hundred things once known and long forgotten that crowd forward upon the senses, and there is the sharp thrill of recognition in all of them.

During war years I was luckier than most: I had had a 15,000-mile tour in 1941, and in 1944 I got to drive across the continent again and even to work in many side trips to Indian reservations, Japanese relocation centers, and other compounds where we keep the people we fear or dislike. But that trip was clouded by scarcities, rationing, the pressure of business. It had none of the fine loose-jointed feeling we get on this one, and it did not revive old acquaintance as this one does.

EVERY five minutes I establish contact in a new area. The smell of wetted dust and wetted sagebrush in a desert thundershower is a fragrance more packed with associations than the most romantic of flowers. The signs that I have seen all my life on roadsides and weathered barn roofs are old friends well met, and I resolve that some day, not for health or enjoyment but for pure love, I shall try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, or Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Some day I am going to chew Mailpouch tobacco, and treat myself to the best. Some day I am going to soak in Burma-Shave the whiskers that now are a pleasant untended roughness on my jaws. Some day I may even stop and ponder the signs that in staggering letters, in runny white paint, shout from the granite of dry canyons and the red sandstone of washes, "Jesus Saves," or "Christ Died for *You*." (I wonder who puts those messages up there, and when.

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Somehow I have a mental image of furtive little men clambering like monkeys after dark, daubing their messages, and then running barefooted and stealthy back to the caves where they must live.)

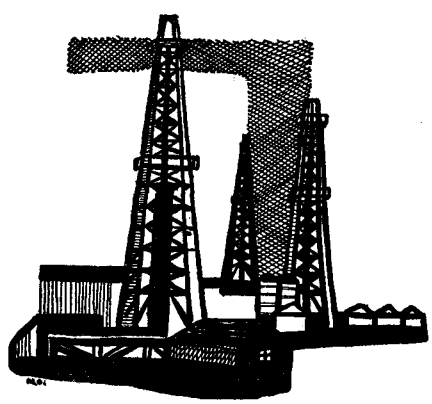
I have forgotten for too long how the tangled, twisted, warped and bent and bone-dry desert ranges lift out of their alluvial slopes, and how the road droops like a sagging rope from one dry pass to another. It is good to play the old game of guessing how far it is to that point always foreshortened and looking deceptively close, where the road curves and disappears into the rock. It is good to get out of the monotonous green of tamed land and out among the changeable grays and browns and ochres and rusty reds and glaring whites of the desert. It is a fine and relaxing pleasure to sag into the corner of the seat and feel the hot sun on the bare left arm, the furnace-blast of wind from the flats. The wide sailing of buzzards is poetry.

I have forgotten—though I did not really forget, for how can one forget the things that at night in his childhood choked him with the sense of the wildness and strangeness of the world?—the way a car sounds on a lonely road when it comes fast in the dark, and you hear the growing hum, sometimes fading behind hills or down in washes, but coming on again, growing, and the lights pricking across the plain, until the glare bursts on sage and mesquite and the hum is a roar and a rush and the bushes bend and grass flattens, and light is darkness again and the rush is a roar, and now a hum, a diminishing buzz, a fading whisper, and then there is only the loneliness where it passed.

THE shocks of remembrance and reminder are constant. The East does not provide the swift scuttling things that whip through the glare of the headlights on these night roads. There you would see a porcupine, perhaps, or a prowling cat gone wild, or a creeping opossum, but not this life that fills the lights with its variety and paves the highway with its run-down bodies. Here they move whitely and at skittering speed. Little high-tailed geckos, surely as fast as any footed creature, dart and are gone. A bigger lizard, perhaps a chuckawalla, looking huge and pleistocene but moving with that same lizard-speed, makes you jam your foot on the brake for fear of wrecking yourself. In the white glare he looks as big as a dog.

Jackrabbits seem not to be as numerous as they used to be, but on any night drive at least one will jerk into the magnetic beam and race and dodge ahead of the car, its ears up and then flat, its movements swift and scared. But it will not, or cannot, very often leap off into the dark and be safe. Eventually it will cut across under the wheels, and there will come the sodden thump and the tug of the steering wheel and the squeamish qualm. Geckos you can run over without feeling, tiny and harmless as they are. You can say, "He's wider than he used to be, but not so thick," and laugh. But being the number one natural enemy of the jackrabbit is a queasier business.

AS a matter of fact, the automobile is the natural enemy of dozens of small creatures——rabbits, gophers, snakes, mice, lizards, ground squirrels. The highways throughout the West are practically paved with flattened, crisped, sun-dried rabbits and rib-boned snakes and wafered squirrels. By killing off the coyotes and wolves



we let the rabbits and rodents multiply; by building highways we lure them to their death under our furious wheels. "Compensation," says Mr. Emerson. "It all evens up," echoes Mr. Hemingway. I wish I felt it possible to draw a moral about how it does not pay to be a predator in this brave new world, but all I can devise is that it doesn't pay to be anything except man. Maybe it doesn't pay to be man either.

SATURDAY: At four-thirty, at this date and latitude, the sky is full of light while the earth is still dusky. The horizons are ringed with pure, pale light without shadows; there is no wind or stir. Probably this is the same light Wordsworth saw on Westminster Bridge, but my associations with pre-dawn light have no cities in them. I grew up in the arid lands in close intimacy with grass and horizons and sky, and here they are again, as serene and grave as if they have been waiting for me. There is not a chance to sleep longer. This chilly wash, this air, this light, this brown grass and the gopher-dug dry earth are too like the homestead of my childhood and the mornings when I went up through the pasture after the horses. My rising wakes Dave and Miriam Bonner, sleeping thirty feet away, and then Mary and Page. On this first morning out we cook and break camp so briskly that we are on the road at six.

TECHNICALLY we have not begun this trip yet, but are merely on our way to it. At Bakersfield we gas up with the feeling that we are about to start. The service station attendant is full of admiration for our water-butt, which used to belong in a Navy lifeboat. He wishes he had one to age whiskey in, though he admits sadly that keeping-whiskey and keeping-money never seem to come his way. All he ever gets is the drinking or spending kind. But he fills our breaker with cold water and we leave his Oklahoma drawl behind and start up Tehachapi Pass, the lowest and southernmost of the Sierra crossings. Now the sense of freedom comes to us undiluted.

I doubt if there is any American with any of his country's history in his blood who is not excited at the crossing of a range. I had the feeling last night, crossing the Diablo Range by way of low, oak-dotted Pacheco Pass. I have it stronger now, on the spring-green slopes of Tehachapi. From Cumberland Gap to South Pass and Weber Canyon and the snowy passes of the Sierra, we have been a pass-surmounting people, fascinated by that newness on the other side, that land "vaguely realizing westward." We have misted our eyes with far-looking and stretched our minds on the high points of the continent. Like the bear who went over the mountain, we have got these crossings in our itchy bones, and perhaps always will have. The other side of the mountain is plenty to see, even if we have seen it before.

Tipping the summit of Tehachapi and rolling down the desert side we ran through acres and square miles of spring flowers, whole hillsides of lavender and white and yellow, and a pair of photographers were out, flattening their tripod almost to the ground to get a shot across the blowing flower-heads. Driving down this side was like discovery, and I kept thinking of other passes I had known and crossed.

There was Elbow Pass in the Canadian Rockies above Banff, and Snoqualmie Pass across the Cascades, looking down into the valley of the Cle Ellum; there was King's Hill Pass in the Little Belt Mountains in Montana, the place where for the first time the prairie child I used to be saw pines, and camped beside a mountain stream; there were Ute Pass and

(*Continued on page 26*)

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Ochs of the Times

AN HONORABLE TITAN: A BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY OF ADOLPH S. OCHS. By Gerald W. Johnson. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 313 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CORBIN

IN his biography of Adolph S. Ochs, Gerald Johnson gives the creator of the present greatness of *The New York Times* a high place among what were once denounced as Robber Barons of our period of expansion following the Civil War. But, though himself a doctrinary democrat, Mr. Johnson handsomely absolves them, or at least the greatest of them, from the charge of unredeemed greed. Rockefeller and Carnegie, Harriman and Huntington, Morgan and Belmont were indeed amassers of fabulous millions and wielders of a power radically undemocratic; but, far from devastating our national inheritance, they were measurably if not mainly inspired by a vision of the material and mental and moral development that has made us the greatest of modern nations. That conviction was foreshadowed by no other than Walt Whitman in "Passage to India" and is approved by all save the tired radicals of the First World Peace and the retired or retiring liberals of this one. But it remained for Gerald Johnson to elevate all the great barons to the godlike estate of titans and place a newsman among them. He confers upon Adolph Ochs the further distinction of being absolutely honorable and beneficent — a fire-bringing Titan Prometheus he might have called him.

Let me hasten to add that in spirit I agree with all this and do homage to Mr. Johnson's historical erudition, to an interpretative insight of high order, and to the brilliancy of his writing. My only demurrer is that a greater personal and professional intimacy with Adolph Ochs might have enabled him to render judgments a trifle more finely discriminating and perhaps more inspiring. For we have here a success story of the first order, and the lowly background and high truth of it have the strongest of appeals to ambitious youth.

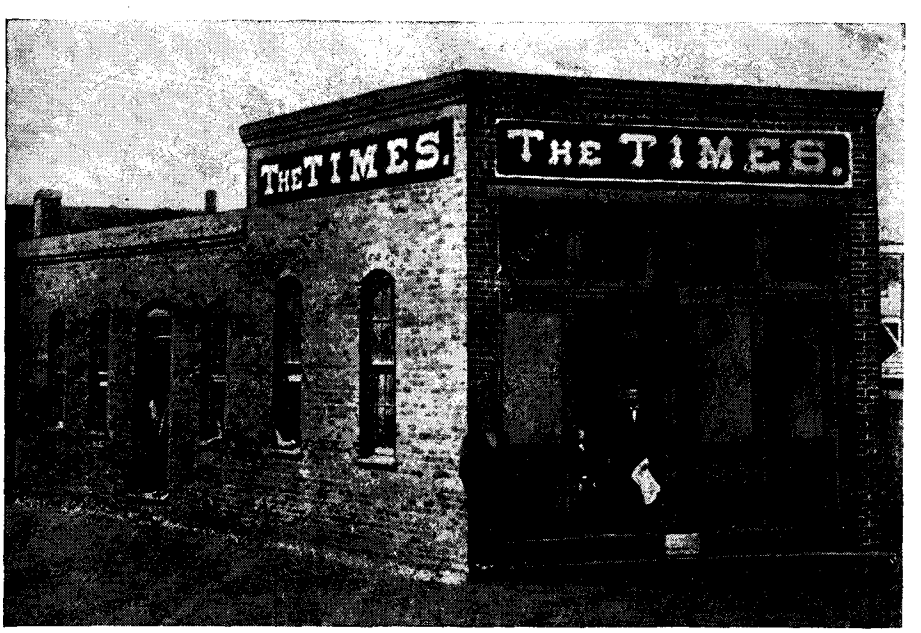
Born in small-town Tennessee to a large and impecunious family, Adolph Ochs began his financial career at the age of eleven as a newspaper delivery boy, doing his four-mile rounds barefoot at five o'clock, thus earning $1.50 a week before breakfast and school. Eager and merry at this child labor, he had a faculty of making friends, together with a kind and loyal heart and an unshakable honesty that deserved friendship. At fourteen he quit school and took full-time employment in the print shop as sweeper-out and errand boy, using odd moments to learn the trade. At seventeen he was a competent printer, earning a man's pay. Before he was nineteen he and a fellow workman made a newspaper venture on their own — their own being what is called a shoestring. In a very few months they went smash. This, as the boy firmly believed, was not because of the shoestring but because he was not in full and absolute command. He was destitute; but, as always in a crisis, his courage and confidence were firm. He wrote to his family of future millions for all of them, and of his own more moderate prayer that he would soon give them a comfortable home.

Post-Civil-War Chattanooga was a graveyard of dead dailies, but Adolph whistled blithely among the tombstones and positively beamed at the bedside of the dying. If only *he* had a chance they would recover, for he knew how to run a paper, a good paper that would pay. At the bedside of the Chattanooga *Times* his friends believed him; and so, at the age of twenty, his name appeared as publisher—and this time he had seen to it that he was in full control. The task was hard and precarious, but almost from that moment the paper began to climb. The details of the transaction are intricate and must be left to Gerald Johnson, as must also the details of the even more astonishing transaction by which he gained ownership *and* full control of *The New York Times* some eighteen years later, also on a shoestring.

Like the Chattanooga *Times* of 1878, *The New York Times* of 1896 was in sore straits, contemplating its own tombstone. When the small-town Ochs breezed into the metropolis and set about acquiring complete control of it he was once more, to put it mildly, in the red. It is true that his Chattanooga *Times* was successful as always. But it is also true that of late years he had taken himself as something more than a newsman, engaging financially in civic enterprises, mostly in real estate, which promised to redound to the glory of his home town and many of them to be very profitable. When the boom of the 1890's subsided, he again went smash, though he refused to make an open acknowledgment of bankruptcy. That taught him another great lesson. He must not only own and control his paper but confine himself to it strictly, renouncing alike outside ventures and the most beneficent projects of civic betterment.

The dilemma that now confronted him was sharp. Pulling in his horns (the joke about A. Ochs and a cow was one of his favorites), he could eventually pay his debts, thanks to the Chattanooga *Times*. But that would condemn him for life to small-town journalism. Instead he resolved, so to speak, to pyramid his lack of shoestrings. Only so would he be able to develop to the full his fruitful and beneficent idea.

It is widely believed that Grover Cleveland induced Wall Street financiers to back Ochs in his assault on the metropolis, in the hope of establishing there an organ that would rally the more conservative Demo-



Adolph Och's first venture into publishing. The Chattanooga *Times* building, 1878. "He knew how to run a paper, a good paper that would pay."

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crats. It is true that Cleveland gave him a letter of introduction, but it was strictly formal—and that was all. Like another hero of romance, this young man rode all unarmed and rode all alone. A full account of the financial plan as finally agreed upon Gerald Johnson is unable to furnish, though he has diligently searched the Ochs papers and the memories of survivors of the transaction. But his story of the conquest of Charles R. Miller, editor of the *Times*, together with his associates in ownership, and of financial magnates beginning with the elder Morgan, August Belmont, and Spencer Trask, is perhaps the most astonishing and fascinating in the biography of the age of Titans. Mr. Johnson leaves no doubt that Ochs was utterly honest in it all. And so he emerged as majority stockholder in absolute control—with no itch to splurge in real estate and grandiose projects of civic betterment.

From the frequently-made charge that Ochs, being thus obliged to Wall Street, was subservient to the money power, Mr. Johnson fully exonerates him. But he repeatedly describes Ochs as a conservative, with the implication of a lack of true liberalism —and this in the face of the fact that he glowingly presents his hero as unfailingly modest and loyal, as tirelessly mindful and benevolent in all personal relations, especially with the poor and downtrodden. It is of course true that when the words are applied to political parties one cannot be both a conservative and a liberal. But the very fact that two parties are needful to well rounded political thought and action would seem to be evidence enough that due recognition of both points of view is needful also to any individual who aspires to be nonpartisan and intelligent. There is no more dangerous fallacy than that of *either-or*, no more constructive principle than that of *both-and*. Whether wisely or unwisely, Adolph Ochs felt that the destiny of the republic lies with the great body of honest and intelligent citizens, that the poor and ignorant themselves can profit most by able leadership; and it was to the honest and intelligent that he directed his appeal regardless of partisanship. But he was rigidly just, even hospitable, to those who disagreed with him. That is one form of liberalism. Is there any other?

The newspaper that resulted has often been described as dull. It is so beyond question to those who are themselves dull, as also to those who are oversprightly, not to say flippant. One has to be solidly interested in news, and this is so in all departments.

Ochs was chary almost to a fault in giving instructions to his staff. When I began as dramatic critic he said that the ideal to strive for was to be regarded as best by both Charles Frohman and Brander Matthews, then the most authoritative producer on Broadway and the most authoritative professor of dramatic literature. It was no small order, but it left no doubt that the standard was to be both broad and high. There were to be no oblations to the earth-gods of

sensation or other frivolity. He made no mention of the reader. Perhaps this was to avoid a suggestion that I should write down to anything or anybody. But gradually I came to feel that the emphasis was to be on news, upon serious news. The playgoing reader is less interested in criticism as such than in the question whether he personally is to risk his good evening and his good money on that play. If it were possible to answer the question without rendering or suggesting a judgment, I have often doubted whether any paper would permit criticism in its news columns. There is, of course, the Sunday theatre page, and it is quite adequate to the artistic product of any week on Broadway, and to the ebullitions of the critic.

The editorial page of the *Times* is chief football for the sportive and light-minded. When I was raised to the tenth floor the elevator man expressed surprise, having always stopped at the third. Learning the reason, he said solemnly but fervently, "Before God I hope you will be able to *do something to that page!*" He was a mind reader, though the reader of a mistaken mind. In the course of years my fellows above confided to me that they also had ballooned to the tenth floor with a similarly gaseous aspiration. Modesty does not forbid me to say that many of us—the great and glorious Kingsbury, Simeon Strunsky, Elmer Davis —wrote charming little pieces at once thoughtful and risible. But they were regularly entombed at the bottom of the last column.

Ochs's favorite praise for editorial writing was that it was "informative," and there was a tradition that he once said, "I don't care how dull my editorial page is so long as it follows the news and is dignified." It sounds plausible but I doubt it. The page was ably managed and, in its way, ably written. If he did make the remark, it must have been in answer to repeated urging that he have a cartoonist on the order of the darling Ding, and also comic strips in the second section. Mr. Johnson explains his obduracy as resulting from his printer's love of a virgin page of type properly in balance. That may have been a part of it. But his chief reason was probably the value he placed on solidly informative comment on the news, from which no one should be encouraged to cock his eye at absurdity. Cartoons are seldom informative, sometimes unfair to their victim, and always undignified. The proof of the pudding is that *that page* wielded an unsurpassed authority.

Likewise I question Gerald Johnson's insistence that the genius of Adolph Ochs was a consummation of common sense. Common sense is said to be the most uncommon sense of all, and he had it in vast store; but creative genius is something else again. It is true that his vocabulary of words was small, and that of ideas and the subtleties of their interplay still smaller. I have heard a great leader in Wall Street say in amazement that he talked finance like a child. That may be; but he did not see like a child or feel like a child or act like a child. From the very outset of the old Peace he felt passionately and with a clear appraisal of the world situation that to exact payment of those war debts of some ten billion was not only impossible but would eventually cost us many times their sum. Not many leaders in Wall Street saw that so vividly and so soon. And he saw from the outset that defeat of a viable international federation would end in another world war.

The deepest source of his genius seemed instinctive — call it subconscious divination if you will. It was not mere common sense that made his paper the fullest and most accurate record of the events of this world, chief reliance of thinkers and historians, or that made it a force unsurpassed for wisdom and righteousness in government. His genius lay in voicing the spirit of the American people, or rather what is best in it. And the nation and the world recognized this, perhaps also subconsciously. When he died in 1935 the mayor of New York proclaimed a day of public mourning, the wires of the Associated Press were stilled, and tributes poured in from the illustrious of all nations.

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Mr. Beard Looks Back

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY IN THE MAKING, 1932-1940. By Charles A. Beard. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1946. 381 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by THOMAS K. FINLETTER

USUALLY there is no doubt what Charles A. Beard thinks on any subject he writes about. This book is an exception. One puts it down with the sense that Mr. Beard has something in mind which he regards as very important but that he is not quite ready to say it in clear and understandable terms. It is therefore only by deduction that one can arrive at the thesis of Mr. Beard's latest work. My deductions are that (1) in Mr. Beard's opinion internationalism as practised by President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Cordell Hull got us into World War II and (2) Mr. Beard believes that if we had stuck to isolation as called for by international law (of which the basic principles are neutrality and non-interference in the quarrels of other nations) we would have kept out of the war.

The start of the book is exciting. The people of the United States were worried about getting into two world wars in twenty-five years. What was the matter? Why should such a peacefully inclined, internationally unambitious people not be able to live in peace? Many Americans blamed the Senate. "It was not on the battlefields of Flanders that the last war and its victory of peace were lost, but in this Chamber," Senator Claude Pepper had said, explaining that he was talking about the failure of the Senate to consent to the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant of the League. Others blamed the treaty clause of the Constitution, with its out-moded requirement of a two-thirds vote on treaties. Still others blamed the American people themselves. The State Department in its volume "Peace and War: United States Foreign Policy, 1931-1941" said the cause was the sluggishness of public opinion.

These are very serious charges, and Mr. Beard is deeply concerned with them. How did it happen that so many Americans accepted the "thesis which, in upshot, acquitted foreign nations of guilt, put the burden on or in the United States, and set the American people at variance with their own representative government?" "Here, says Mr. Beard, "is posed a primary problem in history and political science that calls for a searching examination, if the matter of how we are governed under the Constitution continues to deserve consideration."

One reads on with great hopes. To have the author of "The Republic" examine the factors of political science which had brought war to the United States twice in twenty-five years would be a treat. The historical part of this analysis might not be so interesting, for this is one subject in which a page of history would not be worth a volume of logic. Historical precedents for the organization of peace have been largely invalidated by the revolution in applied science through which we are now living. But three hundred pages of Mr. Beard on the fundamentals of political science involved in our being dragged into two world wars would be very valuable indeed.

The call for a searching examination of political science occurs on page 40. It is the last reference to political science in the book. Having led us to the heights of anticipation, Mr. Beard blacks out the view and moves to another subject. The rest of the book is a searching examination of a secondary historical point, namely—"at what point in time during these 'fateful years' did the President and the Secretary decide that the policy of neutrality and isolation cherished by the people of the country was untenable and announce to the public that another foreign policy—one opposed to it—was in the best interest of the United States? In what addresses, speeches, or statements did the President and the Secretary present to the country their fateful decision and their outline of a foreign policy adverse to isolation, neutrality, and peace for the United States?"

The question is loaded. It lacks entirely the objectivity without which an historical analysis has little value. Mr. Beard's conclusions therefore are blurred and unconvincing. They seem to be that Mr. Roosevelt had announced time after time when he first ran for the Presidency and during his four administrations that he opposed collective security and favored isolation. There are hints that while proclaiming isolation, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull in fact at some time after September 1939 adopted the opposite course of collective security. Mr. Beard apparently cannot believe what I believe to be the fact as shown by the very documents Mr. Beard brings forth—namely, that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull were doing exactly what they said they were doing. This was to reject collective security (the controlling principle of which is the preventive war) in order to prevent the World War from beginning, but to defend American interests, even at the cost of war, both before and after the war started. The President and the Secretary of State considered it a part of the defense of the United States to help China, Britain, and France in their defense of the outposts of American freedom. They openly said that this was their purpose, and the documents brought forward by Mr. Beard sustain them.

—*Justus in the* Minneapolis Star-Journal.

It Isn't Glasses He Needs.

But underneath all this historical analysis is the hint that isolation and neutrality, the keystones of international law, are the solution to the great question how the world is to be organized, and that no acts by other states which do not amount to a physical attack on property owned by us can warrant our going to war or following a policy which may produce an attack by other nations on us.

This is the doctrine of nineteenth-century international law *à l'outrance*. It is founded on the principle of neutrality as developed during the polite war period of the nineteenth century—the notion that wars are local, that any state not engaged in the fighting can stay outside and carry on trade with the belligerents under generally accepted rules such as those affecting contraband and non-contraband goods, continuous voyage and the like. It is the Victorian concept of the world, a Proustian remembrance of things past. It ignores the Prussian General Staff, Hitler, and two world wars. It never heard of Hiroshima. In so far as it shows the incapacity of collective security—the rival of international law—to prevent war, it has value. But it is discouraging to have such an out-of-date notion suggested as the solution of the problems of the atomic age by an historian of the standing of Mr. Beard.

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Walt Whitman Without Apology

WALT WHITMAN HANDBOOK. By Gay Wilson Allen. Chicago: Packard & Co. 1946. 545 pp. $3.

Reviewed by WILLARD THORP

WHO reads Walt Whitman? Certainly few of the school children of America. Teachers still consider him too hot to handle, though they could avoid embarrassing questions by picking the right poems. A Gallup poll of the contents of family libraries would not reveal universal ownership of "Leaves of Grass" and "Specimen Days." There are innumerable cheap reprints of Poe, and even of Emerson, but Whitman is left to the excerpting anthologists.

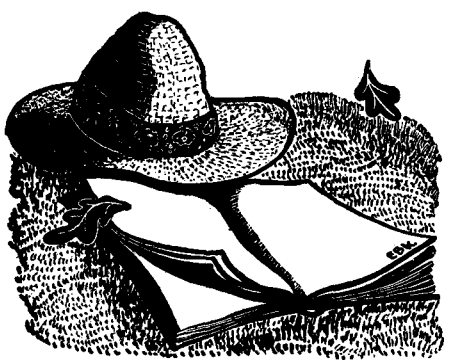
He is, of course, acknowledged to be an American classic, even by school teachers; but who reads him? Occasionally a rebellious young writer, living in the modern equivalent of the garret, rediscovers him. Composers seize on his oracular poems as *libretti* for ambitious choral works. He is dutifully, if circumspectly, taught in college classes. But no more than in his own time is he the nation's poet he longed to be, the bard of these states, "equalizer of his age and land," supplier of what wants supplying and checker of what wants checking.

There is a sad irony in the fate his countrymen have measured out to Whitman. For, as Mr. Allen demonstrates in this "Handbook" (a far more important work than the title suggests), he is no less than a world-poet, whose influence has been immense in other countries than his own and whose message and method have been decisive in the careers of poet after poet in England, France, Germany, Russia, and South America. In many places outside America his name is uttered as reverently as Goethe's or Victor Hugo's or Tolstoy's. The symbolists in France took him over. He was the chief inspirer of *unanimisme*. Gide's coming upon Whitman saved him at the most critical period of his life, healed his "divided spirit and convinced him of the goodness and unity of all creation." In Germany, before the First World War, Whitman was the idol of a cult. Thomas Mann, finding in his work an antidote to Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, spoke in the early 1920's of the excellent two-volume translation by Reisiger as a "holy gift," likely to be of special benefit "to us Germans who are old and unripe at one and the same time, to whom contact with this powerful member of humanity, the humanity of the future, can prove a very blessing if we are able to receive his message." In 1918 "To a Foil'd European Revolutionaire" put heart into the Red troops fighting White Russians and the American Expeditionary Forces. Whitman had become a Marxist!

The roster of his foreign disciples is long and many of the names in it surprise one. The admiration of Rossetti's circle and of Swinburne is well known, but the praise of such respectable citizens as Dowden and Saintsbury is unexpected, as is Tennyson's private praise. The approbation of Jules Romains and of Gide is understandable, but who would expect to find Henri Bérenger, La Forgue, Larbaud, and Duhamel among the Whitmanians?

Though Mr. Allen's sixth chapter, "Walt Whitman and World Literature," is the most revealing, the other five chapters measure up to it in comprehensiveness and readability. His conclusions are, for the most part, built on the controversial biographies, the attacks and apologies, the research of dozens of scholars into Whitman's ideas and technique (the Whitman "library" is already immense), but he has produced a summary evaluation of our collective knowledge of Whitman which we may soberly call indispensable. The excellently organized composite picture which he builds up around his critical bibliographies is his own contribution.

Reviewing first the efforts of the biographers, from O'Connor (1866) to Canby (1943), he presents a fascinating study of the growth of a legend and its gradual supplantation with authentic fact. He then moves on to the evolution of "Leaves of Grass," a subject which no one writing in English has so fully covered. (There is an excellent untranslated study by a Dane, Frederik Schyberg, which essays the task, as does Catel in his "Walt Whitman: la Naissance du Poéte.") In this section Allen proves incontrovertibly that to understand Whitman one must trace his moods and aims, the ripening and the decline of his creative powers, from edition to edition through the seventh, of 1881-82, which is essentially the final form of "Leaves of Grass." The need of a full variorum edition of the poems will be patent to anyone who reads this chapter.



The sections on Whitman's fundamental ideas and his social thought are less satisfying, chiefly because the student of Whitman is compelled to develop a system out of what never existed in the poet's mind as a coherent body of thought. But Mr. Allen is careful to avoid making Whitman out to be more of a thinker than he was. His discussion of the currents of ideas which flowed through him has special relevance to the later consideration of the reasons why Whitman could become what his divers admirers — materialists, idealists, naturalists, nationalists, Socialists, symbolists, unanimists—wanted him to be.

Indeed, the chief virtue of Mr. Allen's study, apart from its completeness, is that, at last, it brings Whitman into focus so that he is seen to be, not an anomaly at all, but a gathering of the forces, ideological and literary, of his time and consequently a source of delight and courage to those whom he inspired. Even the verse form which he evolved, as characteristic and as functional of its content as that which any major poet ever invented for his purposes, no longer seems eccentric. In his own way Whitman was following the nineteenth-century urge to experiment with organic rhythms, as Arnold did frequently and as Tennyson did in "Maud." His verse, as Sculley Bradley was the first to point out, is in a real sense metrical, less aberrant than later free verse. His reiterative devices, synonymous, cumulative, and climactic, he learned from the Bible. In his longer poems he often sought operatic effects and handled themes somewhat as a composer does. Mr. Allen's excellent chapter on Whitman's literary technique brings together and assimilates the many perceptive studies of this difficult critical problem which have been accumulating. Two matters of importance are unaccountably neglected: Whitman's use of symbols and his extraordinary power of ordering varied images and complicated rhythms within a single sentence many lines in length.

The "Walt Whitman Handbook" is "necessary to be had"—if not in families (who should first buy the Works) —then certainly by anyone who wishes to know why and how the idea of Modern Man, as Whitman conceived him, was embodied in the work of one poet and carried to the far corners of the earth.

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Mr. Warren's "Modern Realism"

ALL THE KING'S MEN. By Robert Penn Warren. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 464 pp. $3.

Reviewed by JAMES P. WOOD

THIS modern political novel with some of the intensity of the South in its very texture has color, body, and force. Characters, thought, and action fuse to form an esthetic and narrative whole that has power to excite the imagination, the emotions, and the mind. The writing, which changes to fit the changing intents of the full story, is noteworthy in itself. There are not too many good political novels. This is one. More important, it is a good novel, and at any time there are even fewer of them.

The tales of two men are told in "All the King's Men." One man is Willie Stark, the great country lout who rises from county politics to become governor and strong-handed political boss of the state. The other is Jack Burden, cynical, half-despairing newspaperman who becomes "secretary," special investigator, and private errand boy for the Boss.

Which story is major, which minor, it is difficult to say. Stark is the more massive figure, protagonist of all the public and dramatic action. The novel can be read as the story of the Boss and his hangers-on in the executive mansion and about the state. But it is Jack Burden who tells the story, who sees, comments, and interprets. It is his life as much as Stark's that carries the story and the theme. It may be that the Boss is only a dozen semesters in the education of Jack Burden, who is the finer mechanism, the more conscious organism.

Burden, educated, with a background of family, was complicated, uncertain, tormented by his lack of faith in life or in himself. Willie Stark believed in himself, in what he could do, and in what he did. With wisdom beyond his conscious intelligence, he took power and used it, used it crudely but with honesty to his own convictions. He learned the demagogue's tricks. He could sway crowds, even himself, even Burden, with his speech. It was the man's sureness held Burden fascinated, though he could not explain the whole of the attraction. Neither could the Boss. It was part of the Boss's wisdom not to try, for he knew that there are real explanations for nothing.

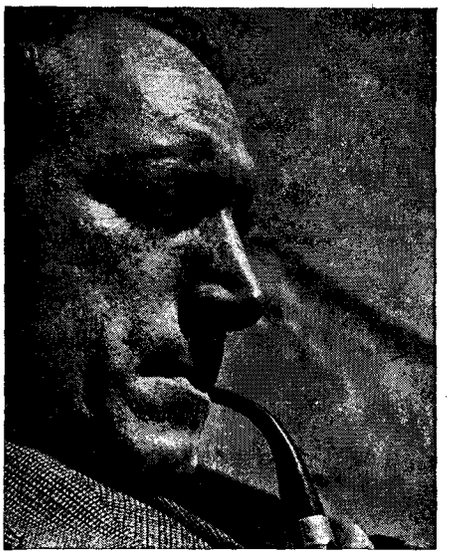
For political reasons he sends Burden off to dig up anything discreditable that he can use against Judge Irwin, who has refused to back the right candidate for an office. Burden, who had once almost got a Ph.D. in history, was a good research man. He got the kind of facts Stark needed. This particular job for the Boss brings on most of the subsequent happenings in both Stark's career and Burden's. Back into Burden's life come Anne Stanton and her brother Adam, children of an earlier governor who was in the genteel tradition, and Burden's friends from childhood. They enter into Willie Stark's life, too, along with Tiny Duffy, Sadie, his wife Lucy and son Tom, Sugar Boy, the gamblers, tarts, crooked contractors, and politicians.

Into the story comes now to be tested the Boss's belief that all goodness must be born of the bad, and Burden has to decide again whether a man's life answers only the heave of his blood and the twitch of his nerves or responds to the efforts of his will.

These are essential matters in "All the King's Men." They appear in the stated reflections of Jack Burden and in the unexpected articulateness of Willie Stark, whom Sugar Boy, his loyal and moronic bodyguard, loved because he could talk so good.

The prose in which this novel is written adds to its impressiveness because it is made a part of the scenes and actions it is used to describe and of the characters who use it.

Burden talks in lazy slang, thinks in acute, cultivated language and in sharp figures of speech. His character, careless, casual, intense, is portrayed partly through this means. Willie Stark talks in the barnyard idiom he first knew and which he knows his voters understand. Drunk or sober, in private converse or public address, that one-gallus language, bawdy, wise, profane, stays as part of the man. It gives added power to the profundities he is allowed to speak.



—*Raymond Dannenbaum.*

"Corruption in politics is assumed as normal" in Robert Penn Warren's "All the King's Men."

A large part of both the power and the fineness of "All the King's Men" is due to the language in which it is written. This could not be true unless the basic materials, the whole story, and the novelist's way of seeing his story were of firm stuff. There is modern realism in "All the King's Men." Corruption in politics is assumed as normal. There is no heroic crusade against it as there was in, say, "Coniston," "The Gentleman from Indiana," or "The Honorable Peter Stirling."

But this novel is not all modern realism. Romanticism is apparent enough in the importance with which the characters view their own lives, a prejudice which the novelist seems to share. Idealism is implicit in the novel's underlying thought. It is the total of all these qualities which makes "All the King's Men" a good novel.

Humors of Love

By Clark Ashton Smith

OUR love has grown a thing too deep and grave
For touch and speech of trivial gallantries:
For we have wrought consummate sorceries
From which no lifted sign nor prayer may save;
To seize the perilous hour we have been brave,
And passion, past all fleshly ecstasies,
Has flung us into stilled eternities
Where the moment hung like some unfalling wave.

Yet, though our love outsoar the exalted clay
To stand in firmamental station fixed,
We find, with some enchanted memory mixed,
The laughters heard in Swift and Rabelais;
And, blended with the rapture and the woe
Are drolleries of blithe Boccaccio.

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An Anthology of Divergencies

NEW DIRECTIONS 9. Edited by James Laughlin. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 1946. 415 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THIS is the ninth volume of "New Directions," the first of which appeared ten years ago when its editor was still a sophomore at Harvard. Since that youthful day he has pursued his editorial education in public, with the steady intention of making his annual collection "an exhibition gallery of divergent trends, a place where writers with new methods or ideas can give them a testing in print and a public showing, a place where significant work from other countries can be put up for the examination of our native writers."

The word "divergent" and the plural noun of the title are both significant. Mr. Laughlin is committed to no one direction, but avid of all directions, so long as they point, in his opinion, towards something good. He began with an eager, open mind, and he has kept both eagerness and openness. Time has failed to channel his literary tastes between narrow banks. Indeed, some readers may think that he would be a better editor if his powers of acceptance were matched by powers of rejection; but for the sake of his chosen function it is probably just as well that his net is as wide as it is. He pulls in dogfish, of course, along with his mackerel; but the history of literature exhibits cases in which the dogfish of one generation's judgment have proved to be the mackerel after all.

Mr. Laughlin is the admirer, advocate, and patron of "serious" writers in a society that "consistently neglects and insults their genius." His abomination of the gentlemen who have commercialized our literature is such that he sincerely hopes they will burn in hell for a nice long stretch. "Perhaps you may think I am joking," he writes, "but I assure you that I am not. I have been far too close to the suffering of twenty or thirty first-rate talents to whom our famous 'American way of life' has offered the choice of writing trash or living worse than a dog in the streets ever to curb my resentment against the people responsible for their predicament." Now twenty or thirty first-rate writing talents are a goodly number for any one man to come in contact with during a short lifetime, and it may be that Mr. Laughlin's enthusiasm leads him to exaggeration in this matter. But the point that he makes is irrefutable. The case of the serious writer in this country is a sad one, as it has been in many times and countries, and anyone who fights for its betterment, is entitled to admiration and respect.

Reading the prose and poetry that has been gathered together in "New Directions 9" one finds no single piece of writing that commands critical superlatives—no neglected or rejected genius—but one does find a variety of interesting talents. And it is a point worthy of mention that, despite Mr. Laughlin's bias in favor of the new against the old, two of the most successful compositions of the lot exhibit the virtues of experiment in one case and the virtues of tested method in the other. The conservative entry is a short story by Robert Lowry, "Layover in El Paso," a remarkably moving example of straightforward realism which stands out in a collection of fiction that includes work of varying excellence by David Cornel DeJong, Paul Goodman, David T. Bazelon, Frank Sargeson, John Berryman, Boris Pasternak, and William Carlos Williams. The experimental entry consists of three surrealistic sketches by Jack Jones, in which words are brilliantly used to set up a succession of exciting stresses and strains in the reader's receptive faculties, while denying any desire that he may have for precise meanings. Another piece of prose that may be called surrealist for want of a better word—Kenneth Patchen's "Sleepers Awake on the Precipice"—catches the reader up in its mad movement and entertains him fantastically so long as he is willing to go for the ride without knowing exactly what is happening at any given moment.

Coming to soberer prose, James T. Farrell contributes a long article on the commercialization of book publishing in which he cites important facts and attempts to forecast the results of the present trend towards "bigness." All that he has to say is worth reading and weighing, but his conclusions are somewhat inconclusive, and he permits himself a good deal of repetition. Henry Miller, in "A Study of Rimbaud," is vital and stimulating as always, and in the course of his idiosyncratic study gives us at least as much of Miller as of Rimbaud. Jacques Barzun writes retrospectively of his father's attempt to achieve "simultaneity" in the medium of poetry, and quotes passages from a choral poem, "Orphéide," which would seem to prove that the elder Barzun was attempting to use one art medium for purposes proper to another. However, it is conceivable that with training the eye might learn to deal with "simultaneous" words and phrases as the ear now deals with simultaneous notes and chords. Returning again to creative prose, Paul Palmer provides a mildly amusing parody of Dos Passos, showing how that author might have treated the "Oresteia"; Maud Phelps Hutchins represents the home life of the Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith.

Among the poets I find William Everson the most satisfying, with "The Waldport Poems," in which the experiences of a conscientious objector in a labor camp—"the life of the camp, the life of enforced confinement, individual repression, sexual segregation"—are translated into profoundly felt and effectively phrased poetry. Kenneth Rexroth, a poet of substantial talents and a fa-

—*Tom Maloy*

Paul Goodman's and David Cornel DeJong's are among the "variety of interesting talents" that make up "New Directions 9."

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vorite of Mr. Laughlin's, achieves partial rather than total success in his dance play, "Phaedra," wherein two manners, literary and colloquial, jar rather than complement each other. Of Jean Garrigue's poems, the three variations on the death of love are best to my ear and eye; the opening lines of the first being particularly memorable—as memorable, indeed, as some of Donne's beginnings. Lloyd Mallan has made translations from seven young Mexican poets, and they would seem to be well made, but the translation of poetry remains translation, and we must take it on faith when Mr. Mallan assures us that all these poets (Octavio Paz, Efrain Huerta, Ali Chumacero, Alberto Quintero Alvarez, Enrique Guerrero, Neftali Beltran, Rafael Solana) "possess an almost unearthly lyric sensitivity, a fine ear for assonance and a great inventive talent with words." The translations of Paul Eluard are "preliminary," made in a week by "a few poets who read French," and rushed into print to furnish a corrective to the growing idea in the United States that Aragon was *the* poet of the French Resistance. Again the verbal and prosodic virtues largely vanish in the passage from one tongue to another, and in most cases the thirty or so poems are reduced to the bare bones of their affirmations; but in a few cases hints of word-magic remain.

One last item remains to be mentioned, while others must be left to the discovery of interested readers. This last item is a preface to an unwritten volume of poems, by that literary eccentric and precursor of surrealism who was born Isidore Ducasse, but who chose to style himself the Comte de Lautreamont. In this preface, amid all its author's posing and posturing, and almost buried under a mass of magniloquence, you will find quite a few shrewd literary judgments, one of which may be worth quoting here, as a kind of colophon: "Those who would make literary anarchy under pretext of novelty arrive at nonsense."

Forever Now or Never

PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

ON Earth it was August, 1914, but in Heaven, where the Lord God stood looking out of his window at the universe, time is counted very differently. There it was simply known as the time when the cherubim ordinarily came out to play their games on the floor of Heaven. But on this occasion not a cherubim was in sight, for everyone could see that the Lord God was exceedingly wroth. Lightning crackled around His head, and thunder rolled across the great arch above Him. His Son came hurrying to the window to look with saddening eyes at what was taking place on the minor planet He had once visited. It was an all too familiar spectacle. An army was invading its neighbor's borders, and refugees were streaming down the roads as they had done ever since mankind had become the dominant creature on that war-torn world.

"I have had enough of this Earth!" the Father cried. "Its inhabitants are not fit to go on living." The lightning flashed with the fury of his words, and the unhappy cherubim hiding in the corners trembled at the roar of the thunder. Everyone in Heaven caught his breath as the mighty right arm of the Lord moved slowly upward in the gesture that spelled annihilation for the offending planet.

The Son grasped the ascending arm gently, staying its awful power. "Father," he said, "forgive these people, for they know not what they do."

"I have heard you speak those words before," the Father retorted. "And I have not seen those people learn anything since you spoke them. They seem quick enough to learn other things, but not the ways of peace and righteousness."

"Nevertheless, they are my people," the Son said, "I ask you to spare them."

"Spare them! They are bent on murdering one another!" The thunder rose to a tremendous crescendo that made the cherubim cower. "My patience is at an end. These people have had their chance. When you went among them, they murdered you as they destroy everything good that comes to them."

The Son held his Father's arm firmly. "Still, they are my people. As I went among them before, so will I go among them again to try to teach them the spirit of brotherhood."

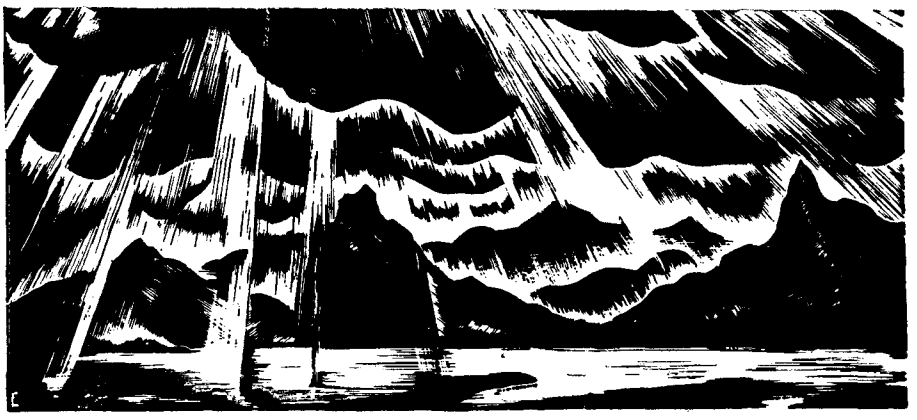
The Father's anger did not abate. "It would be better if I blotted this planet out of existence. It is an offence to the most distant star and a constant source of trouble to Heaven."

But the Son shook his head and smiled, seeking his Father's permission to visit his errant people again. Slowly the thunder died away, and anger turned to sadness. "So be it," the Father said finally. "Do as you wish, but I foresee nothing but the re-enacting of an old tragedy." The Father turned away, and the cherubim crept timidly out of their corners to play on the floor of Heaven.

AND so on Earth there was born a child of parents appropriately named Joseph and Mary, which are common names among the Jews who dwell in the villages of western Poland. The infant survived the war that raged around him for nearly four years, and during the peace that followed he grew up among his people and became a leader whose wisdom and goodness had great influence. Nearly everyone loved and respected him, but there were some who feared him for the power he had in his community.

When he reached the age of twenty-five, and the armies marched again, darkening the sky with the smoke of burning villages, he was the first to be denounced to the soldiers who came on motorcycles in advance of the lumbering tanks following them down the road. Spies who had lived in the village for years called out the names of a dozen of his dearest friends, and the thirteen young men were marked for death.

The skies grew black and a great wind howled across the countryside as the little group of men were marched out of the village, surrounded by guards carrying machine guns. They were taken to a rocky hill which



—Jacket design for "The Origin of Life."

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had served as an execution place in ancient times, and there the corporal in charge had twelve of them shot without ceremony. But when he came to the thirteenth man, the spy who had followed the firing squad whispered something in his ear. The corporal grinned and nodded knowingly, looking up at a huge dead tree that stood on the very summit of the hill. He spoke to his men, who seemed taken aback for a moment, but they had been well trained in their profession, so they obeyed him without question. They started up the hill, driving their shackled prisoner ahead of them. The storm increased its fury, and the soldiers appeared uneasy as they went about carrying out their orders. Finally they had done what they were told to do, and they fled from the hilltop, leaving behind the crumpled bodies of twelve young men and the still-living figure of a man pinioned to a tree that bent and tossed in the wind which tore at its branches. No one saw the man die, for the storm was so furious that even the invading army was held up by it for a few hours.

THE Lord God was standing at the window when his Son returned, and His anger was terrible to behold. Lightning played around his head, and the crash of thunder frightened the sorrowing cherubim. But again the Son pleaded with His Father, and stayed the arm that was ready to hurl annihilation upon the Earth.

"They are my people," the Son said humbly. "Twice now I have lived among them and I know the evil and the good that struggles in their hearts. They are a long way from Heaven, and it is hard for us to understand them. When I was in their midst I felt for them, for the evil ones among them as well as for the good. Father, I plead with you again to spare them. They are not all bad. I have seen men among them lay down their lives for another; I have seen nobility in their hearts, and a growing desire for peace. For their innocent children, for their women who are capable of great love, and for the occasional man who is trying in his own blundering way to right the wrongs of such a world, I beseech you, Father, for another chance for these people."

The stern face at the window softened. "Very well then, My Son," the Lord God said at last, brushing the crackling lightning away. "For your sake I will spare them from instant annihilation. You have suffered at their hands, so you have the right to speak for them." The Father's voice went on, still shaken by the wrath that burned within him. "However, this time I must impose a condition. This time these people's future and fate must be in their own hands. For I shall now reveal to them the secret that will mean their destruction or salvation. I shall let them discover for themselves the innermost secret of the universe and give them the power of tearing apart the atom that is the key to all matter. With this knowledge they must utterly destroy their world or remake it into a place of peace and plenty. It is for them now to decide their own destiny. So be it." The Father turned away and left His Son alone.

The thunder died away, and the cherubim came out from their hiding places to play around the feet of the lonely figure at the window whose lips were murmuring a prayer for all the good-hearted men and women he had known when he dwelt among them.

"In their hands be it," the cherubim heard him say. "Forever now or never. Amen."

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

"IT'S THE SYME THE WHOLE WORLD OVER"

"Love 'em and leave 'em" was the motto of the villains responsible for this week's quiz. From the brief descriptions of their ungentlemanly behavior as sketched below, can you name each of these low characters and the story in which he appears? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 23.

1. On the eve of her marriage to her cousin, an uncouth fisherman with a heart of gold, this wealthy playboy persuaded a trusting maiden to elope with him to France, where, not long after, he left her with the suggestion that she marry his valet.
2. Persuaded by this unprincipled scoundrel that her husband's frequent business conferences with a pretty neighbor were not at all innocent, she eloped with him and found herself deserted a year later with a nameless unborn child.
3. This worldly traveling man persuaded a highly respectable draper's daughter to elope with him, married her reluctantly, and eventually left her, penniless and ill, in Paris.
4. When this fortune hunter discovered, a few months after he had married her, that his bride had no wealth beyond what he had already squandered, he left her at a wayside inn, hurried home, and skipped out with all the household furnishings, including her clothes.
5. This perfidious villain kidnaped a not-too-unwilling clergyman's daughter and went through what he thought was a fake wedding ceremony, only to find out later that the license and the priest were both genuine.
6. Back home in Virginia after studying medicine in New York, this slicker wooed and promised to marry the local belle but was forcibly persuaded to marry instead the fiancee he had acquired in the big city.
7. This American naval officer married a Japanese geisha girl and then sailed away after promising to return when the robins were nesting.
8. After this light-minded scoundrel had trifled with the affections of a pretty dairymaid, he went off to join his regiment, leaving his victim to be convicted of the murder of their child.
9. He was the foreman in a shirt factory and she was a woiking goil, and after a while, in order to improve his social standing, he accidentally drowned her on purpose.
10. At a high society ball which they attended on their honeymoon, this British officer left his bride sitting in a corner while he tried to persuade another man's wife to elope with him.

Baudelaire in Connecticut

By Poppy Cannon

OUR headlights break the night
in two
looking for home
And sleeping woods on either side
crowd the bright chasm
blazed awake
into a sudden
shuddering
The leaves upthrust
whipped to a startled, silvered shivering
as touched by evil genii
the dark world
bursts into pale, perverse,
swift flowering . . .
a very blossoming of fear
white ecstasy
and then . . .
goes dead again.

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"S. Hurok Presents"

IMPRESARIO. By S. Hurok in collaboration with Ruth Goode. New York: Random House. 1946. 291 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BERNARD SOBEL

CELEBRITY enthusiasts who are continuously hungry for backstage exposé, reminiscence, and anecdote will find in "Impresario" an appetizing table d'hote dinner. First, in true prandial order, comes the aperitif, served in the shape of an autobiographical come-on in which Hurok tells how he manipulated his way from a hardware apprenticeship in Russia and obscure Brownsville Socialist concerts to international managerial supremacy.

Then comes the entree, meaty memories of Chaliapin (overdone), Pavlova, Jan Peerce, Marian Anderson, Shan-Kar, and other famous concert artists. The salad course is a first-run story of Isadora Duncan's escaping breast, described until now as a total undressing. For dessert, there are sweet stories about premiers reconciled and accounts balanced. Everything is here, in fact, but the savory, for Hurok will not permit even a momentary bitterness to interrupt the repast. Only with champagne is he frugal. Though he loves the stuff, he never gets drunk. So he limits the intake to two glasses, a low maximum, certainly, for even the average drinker.

His boyhood, however, was not thus restrained. Like his countrymen, he sang at work and at play. He played the balalaika. And he also went to other towns on inspection trips, sent there by his father who, oddly enough, gave his box-office-minded son no serious financial advice. Instead, he chalked up his customers' accounts on the walls of his store where they remained until the deadbeats contrived to erase their indebtedness with their coat sleeves.

Anton Dolin and Alicia Markova in the "Swan Lake" ballet.

From these impractical surroundings, young Hurok suddenly broke away and got over the German border, finally arriving in New York with $1.50 in his pocket. Here he worked as a stock clerk by day, attended the Educational Alliance by night, made contacts in the musical world, developed Bronx audiences by skilful seat-selling, captured the young Zimbalist as a concert star, and eventually became the manager of many of the great musical artists of this era. The proud day came, in fact, when *The New York Times* summarized his accomplishments by crediting him with "having done more for music than the victrola."

All the while the great singer Chaliapin served him in the double capacity of idol and incentive, goading him on to superlative management, yet failing him at the outset in a tricky Paris incident that sounds too tricky to be convincing. Nevertheless, Chaliapin dominates the book, a Cyclopean figure. Voluptuary and artist, he is greedy, shockingly cruel and simultaneously regretful, puzzled by his own contradictions.

As his story progresses, Hurok presents lively studies of Pavlova, indefatigable worker, generous to the members of her ballet, but a stickler for caste; upright, likeable Jan Peerce, the greatest American-Italian tenor; Marian Anderson, faithful daughter, "the voice of a race" and its valiant champion; and Artur Rubinstein, volcanic, a continuous sell-out, and (omitted from this record) the pride of "Information Please" guest nights.

Most of these studies are familiar, but occasionally Hurok jogs the reader with a fresh fact—"Ballerinas eat like stevedores." Isadora Duncan's poet-lover, Serge Essenine, secreted in a trunk every cent she ever gave him from commissions. Many small American towns—and this is important—thanks to the New Deal's W.P.A., now have fine auditoriums with spacious stages and room for musicians in the pit. Also, he surprises by disclosing for the first time the authentic number of Chaliapin's offspring, Pavlova's parentage and marital status, and his personal theory—horrendous, assuredly—that Isadora Duncan killed herself.

S. Hurok, in the role of autobiographer and anecdotist, "offers, characteristically, a full evening's entertainment."

Some of the incidents are noteworthy for their drama, humanity, and humor. Mani Lieb's party for a poet is extremely funny; the salt salute, impressive; Escudero's effort to kill a stage hand, frightening. Hurok mentions Mary Wigman's disappearance, a mystery solved since publication of the book through news that, despite Nazi persecution, she is still alive.

It is interesting to learn also that, previous to her dancing career, Katherine Dunham was a master of arts in anthropology and lectured at the Yale University Graduate Club.

Somehow, though, one gets the impression that the constellation of terrestrial stars is limited to "S. Hurok Presents." Contrast and comparison have no place here. Isadora Duncan's pioneering, for instance, is discussed at length, but there is no cross reference to that American pioneer, Ruth St. Denis. And though there is much praise for Argentinita, there is no mention of that other Spanish dancer who passed away before her —Argentina.

In telling his life story, Hurok seldom goes beneath the surface. He defines the Hurok audience and he describes how anonymous friends, headwaiters, and small time promoters tipped him off on undiscovered artists. But he does not reveal himself, the real man with his sense of prescience, flair for publicity, powers of divination, and genius for developing artists and building up the box office. Amusing, too, is the fact that though he is continuously concerned with the needs of his audience, he slips up for once by failing to provide the research student with an index. Nevertheless, "Impresario" offers, characteristically, a full evening's entertainment.

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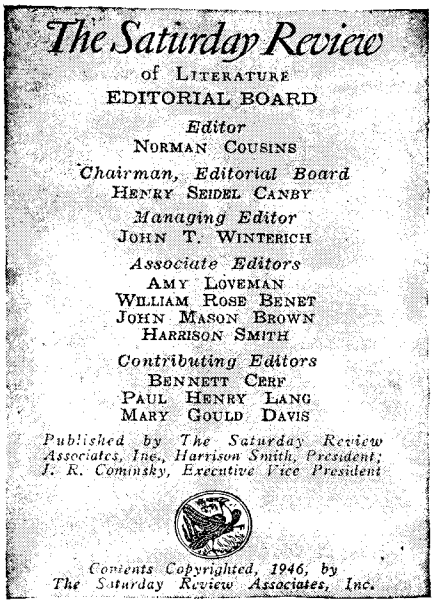
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LITTLE BOOK, WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

LAST week a correspondent complained on the Letters page that the titles of many contemporary novels gave no slightest hint of what the stories themselves were about, that a large proportion of the titles were readily interchangeable, and that they perpetually eluded the memory. The day of the good old label title does indeed appear to be gone—no one today would dream of devising "Dealings with the Firm of Dombey and Son, Wholesale, Retail, and for Exportation," or "The History of Pendennis," or "The Cloister and the Hearth." Few contemporary novelists would accept the bald simplicity of "The Spy," or "The Monastery," or "The Warden" ("The Snake Pit" and "The Hucksters" are colorful exceptions). Equally eschewed is the provocative question title: "Can You Forgive Her?", or "Miss or Mrs.?", or "The Lady, or the Tiger?", and the full declarative sentence: "It Is Never Too Late to Mend," "The Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth," "Times Have Changed." Rare today is the alliterative title—"The Shaving of Shagpat," "Two on a Tower," "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," "Anthony Adverse," each of which carries its own mnemonic with it.

This is largely the day of the title by quotation, as our correspondent pointed out. But few of the titles are familiar (it would aid the processes of memory if they were); they are frequently not only taken from obscure poets who write obscurely, but their appositeness to the stories themselves often interposes still another degree of obscurity.

Creatively and artistically, the title is the least important element in a novel, if it be, strictly, an element of the novel at all. It is a tag pure and simple. The more it can say, the better. "Main Street," "A Lost Lady," "The Return of the Native," "The Old Curiosity Shop," "The Woman in White" do not tell the full story, but they tell something. "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Looking Backward," "With Clive in India," and "Little Women" tell considerably more. Anyone coming upon "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" for the first time would infer that it had some humor in it. There are titles which suggest nothing but which, after the book is read, are fixed irrevocably in memory: "The Jungle," "Sister Carrie," "The Turn of the Screw," "Pied Piper."

The mystery people are not at all coy about identifying the nature of their handiwork. The *SRL* files covering a twenty-year period disclose 289 titles beginning with "Murder" (from "Murder à la Mode" to "Murder Yet to Come," and including 40 "Murder ats" and 65 "Murder ins"). Commercial? Certainly. Is there any harm in an author's hoping his book will sell? Is there any harm in his employing any device that is legitimate and in good taste to bring about that happy consummation? And, outside of telling a good story, what more legitimate device can there be than the selection of a title that fits the theme and tone of the story and can stay in the potential reader's mind at least long enough for him to get to a bookstore?

A great master of English prose narrative who did not look askance at the profit motive devised the finest title ever made, in our opinion, when he had the genius to set down on paper "The Life and Strange Surprizing Adventures of Robinson Crusoe of York, Mariner: Who lived Eight and Twenty Years, all alone in an un-inhabited Island on the Coast of America, near the Mouth of the Great River of Oroonoque; Having been cast on Shore by Shipwreck, wherein all the Men perished but himself. With an Account how he was at last as strangely deliver'd by Pyrates. Written by Himself."

Does that leave the reader in the dark?

J. T. W.

Tale of the Road

By Sidney Rubenstein

OUT of the night they come,
those swift arterial carriers
whose roaring motors and humming tires
sing out in rhythmic defiance of space.
Drawn by the magnet of markets—
they converge
like carrier pigeons in homing flight.
Piloted by men!
Men whose steel muscled arms,
are like integral parts of the trucks they drive.
Men who talk of Towns in a lingo strange
but understandable.
Listen!
Hello Eddie! gimmie a cup of mud.
No, I got no time for a game of stud.
Cause I'm swinging a load of sugar cane,
seven rollin' days from Orleans to Maine.
Boy, was I making knots! but not for the boss,
that lousy dispatcher thinks I'm a hoss.
Listen Bo! maybe a sailor gets ideas when he's roamin' the blue.
When I push this crate for weeks at a time, I get 'em too.
Well, I got a lead foot on the 'zilerator when a shoe ups and blows.
I slaps on the hand brake and jams down with the toes!
Cause I'm making sixty-two on a down hill pitch,
and bam! goes my date if I hit the ditch.
I gets out and says a truck driver's prayer.
Oh please little spare, be loaded with air.
But the spare's as flat as Florida beer!
So I curse the grease monkey, from California to here.
Well, I pulls out the tools and goes to woik.
Boy, when I get back to the barn, I'm gonna kill me a joik!
I fix her up in no seconds flat,
Spit on me hands and tip my hat,
And back to the road and my dreams I go.
Well, so long Eddie, I guess I'll blow.
And Eddie smiles and says—"So-long Bo!"

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Speech "of Well-Bred Ease"

SIR: There is so much to commend in Mr. Brobury Pearce Ellis's article in your June 1 issue that I am reluctant to make any strictures on it, but I must point out a gross, though I am sure unintentional, misrepresentation. Mr. Ellis by plain implication classes the Kenyon-Knott "Pronouncing Dictionary of American English" with dictionaries that represent formal platform speech. Yet three paragraphs of the preface (p. vii) and two whole sections (1 and 2, pp. xv and xvi) of the introduction are devoted to making clear that the pronunciations represented in the PDAE are *not* those of formal platform speech, but of the everyday speech of cultivated people, the speech "of well-bred ease."

As to the separate existence of that supposed species "platform speech," I can do no better than to quote Professor Henry Cecil Wyld of Oxford:

> As a matter of fact, the platform or pulpit pronunciation of the best public speakers hardly differs from that of the home circle. Of what use is it to insist that the pronunciation of the schoolroom shall be grander and more elaborate than that heard in Westminster Abbey, or in the High Court of Parliament? ("The Teaching of Reading," London, 1924, p. 19.)

And I may refer to my phonetic analysis of the most formal possible address (King George V to an international congress) in "American Speech," June, 1931, p. 368.

JOHN S. KENYON.

Hiram College, Hiram, Ohio.

Seconded

SIR: Another word whose use should be abated
In any writing is "participated."

ALLEN JACOBS.

Miami, Fla.

OK, Pal

SIR: To those I'm mum
Who call me "chum."

NEIL MCCARTHY.

Chicago, Ill.

Hints

SIR: "Irresistless" I had heard
As a careless, *spoken* word
But when Dreiser *wrote* it, my vision blurred!
Writers of scripts for radio
Who say, "He has 'convinced' her to go,"
Should be *persuaded,*
Or otherwise aided
A nicer taste in verbs to show.

MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN.

Hillsdale, Mich.

Watch Out!

SIR: "Rewarding" tossed about so tritely,
Leaves me nauseated—slightly;

"The cold, silent, empty North! Bah!"

But here's what makes me really sick:
That corny wheeze "what makes him tick."

NATHAN G. BURGSTER.

Redondo Beach, Calif.

Reviewords

SIR: *Guy* and *corny* are well forbid.
Now *lusty* and *salty* deserve the lid.

SARA C. POTTS.

Ormond Beach, Fla.

Decadrons!

SIR: I have no deference
For "frame of reference."

PORTER GARNETT.

Calistoga, Calif.

Publisher's Lament

SIR: Though it grieves me to say it or sing it,
"Grammatical Notes on the Tlingit"
Is not in supply;
I'm so mad I could cry,
For we might sell some copies, gosh ding it!

PHELPS SOULE.

University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia, Pa.

Classical Gripe

SIR: I love through realms of poetry to soar,
To feel the pulse of universe, or more.
But I avoid the bards, or would restrain 'em,
Who'd make me study Bullfinch to explain 'em.

EMOLYN G. SAXON.

Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Make It "Simple"

SIR: Calling every problem "thorny"
Is indubitably corny.

MELVILLE CANE.

New York, N. Y.

Noted

SIR: For goodness' sake let's cut out this
"In the last analysis."

H. PALMER.

Norwich, Conn.

Atomic Age Poem

SIR: In case of bombing or disaster
Do not wait to succor me.
Just run a little faster.

AL WILLIAMS.

New York, N. Y.

Avaunt!

SIR: Philosophers I never
Invite for tea
Who greet me with
"Long time no see."

NEIL MCCARTHY.

Chicago, Ill.

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TRADE Winds

"UP FROM THE MEADOWS RICH WITH CORN..."

THIS WEEK'S COLUMN, with your kind indulgence, will consist of a collection of stories that have nothing whatever to do with the world of books. They struck me as funny, and although some of them probably are very old, I, at least, never heard them before. Maybe they will provide you with a smile or two over a hot week end. . . .

JIM, A NEGRO PORTER at a hotel in Columbus, Mississippi, got involved in a crap game one Saturday night. He lost his week's wages and everything else except his undershirt and pants. But Jim was determined. He remembered that his wife had some savings from her washing for white folks that she treasured in a stocking in the top drawer of a dresser in their cabin. So Jim went home about twelve o'clock, took off his shoes at the door of the cabin, and "crope" in. He rummaged around in the top drawer of the dresser, and made such a disturbance that his wife stirred in her sleep and called out, "Who dat?" Jim paused in his search for a few minutes, and then began again. He rattled the drawer, and once more his wife roused from her sleep, and called out, "Who dat?" Jim waited for a few moments and then resumed his search. He knocked over a chair, and this time the voice that called out "Who dat?" from the darkness was a deep, husky bass.

Gone was Jim's air of furtive secrecy. With a bellow of rage, he rushed over to the bed, and cried menacingly, "Who dat say dat *las'* 'Who dat'?" . . .

A LADY TURNED UP at a Grand Central Station ticket window with a boy in tow and demanded a ticket and a half for Boston. The agent leaned out of his booth and studied the boy for a moment. "You can't get by with a half-ticket for that boy," he proclaimed. "He's wearing long pants!" "Well, if *that's* your criterion," said the lady coldly, "*I* ought to ride for nothing!"...

HOMEWARD BOUND aboard the Brighton Beach express, Mr. Goldfarb was reading the *Jewish Day* and Mr. Shlepkind his copy of *PM*. Suddenly Goldfarb saw his friend Pincus across the aisle engrossed, of all things, in an issue of Father Coughlin's *Social Justice*. Enraged, he tore the paper out of Pincus's hands and cried, "You low life! You renegade! How dare you read a filthy sheet like that in public?"

"Calm yourself," said Mr. Pincus. "It's very simple. For years I read the *Jewish Day* as you are doing now. What did I see in it? '200,000 Jews Massacred in Poland.' 'Millions of Jews Starving in Nazi Germany.' It made me feel terrible. So I switched to *PM*, like Shlepkind there. Was it any improvement? No sir! 'Gangs Attack Jews in Dorchester.' 'Synagogue Looted in Far Rockaway.' I felt even worse because it was nearer home. Then somebody told me about this *Social Justice*. What do I see here? 'The Jews own all the banks, and the automobiles, and the movies, and the government.' I tell you, Goldfarb, I never felt so wonderful reading anything in my life!" . . .

WHEN ARTHUR MAYER was patroling the Ledo Road instead of his usual Broadway haunts, there was, he reported, little danger from Jap raiders or landslides. The real peril was the malaria mosquito with which the jungle was infested. To persuade the workers to take suitable precautions, slides were prepared illustrating how the disease was transmitted. Naturally these slides had to be greatly magnified and the insect appeared with a large and terrifying proboscis. One simple native sat wide-eyed through a showing of the pictures, and rushed out to report to his family, "Our Burma mosquitoes are nothing at all. They only can give you an itch. You ought to see the size of the ones they have in America!" . . .

WALTER TARLETON JACOBS writes that a sneak prevue of the film story of Al Jolson's life was run off recently at a California theatre. Jolson tiptoed into the lobby to catch the comments of the audience. The first one he overheard was, "Isn't it a shame Jolson couldn't have lived to see this production? How he would have loved it!" . . .

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY strolled by a country pond one hot afternoon, and, observing nobody in sight, obeyed a sudden impulse to take a dip in the nude. She was splashing about happily when, to her dismay, a hobo appeared on the scene, took in the situation at a glance, and constituted himself a highly-satisfied audience of one. Furthermore, he sat down on her clothes.

The girl implored him to be on his way, but he wouldn't budge. After a half hour of entreaty, she stumbled upon a big dishpan embedded in the pond and, in desperation, covered herself with it as best she could and strode haughtily up to the bank. When she reached the hobo, she slapped him sharply across the face and exclaimed angrily, "You know what I think?" "I do," answered the hobo. "You think there's a bottom to that dishpan. There isn't!" . . .

IRKED BECAUSE YOUR apartment or home is overcrowded? Ponder over a story Averell Harriman says is popular in Moscow these days. A schoolteacher distributed new pho-

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"So you've invented a zero . . . and what have you got . . . nothing!

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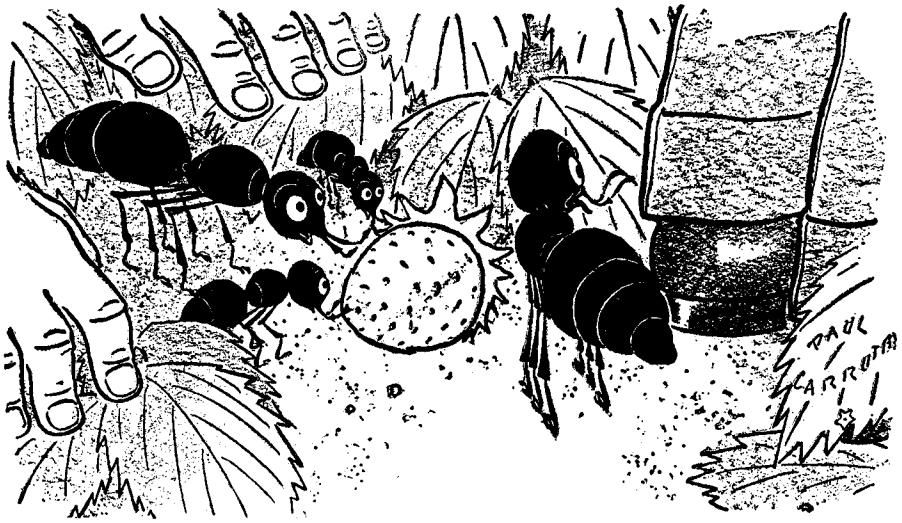

"Lovely spot for a picnic, dear, if it weren't for these confounded people."

tographs of Stalin and suggested that her charges pin them up on their walls that evening. The next day every one but Ivan reported that instructions had been carried out faithfully. "Don't you love our leader?" the teacher asked Ivan. "Oh, yes," he answered, "but I couldn't hang any picture on the wall because our family lives in the center of the room." . . .

BROADWAYITES ARE laughing over the story of a universally disliked agent who was rumored to be the victim of an elaborate kidnapping plot. "The story is a phony," declared one producer bitterly. "Nobody would kidnap that so-and-so." "Why not?" somebody asked. "Because," said the producer, "who could the kidnapers find to pay ransom?"

"ONE OF THE MOST memorable experiences of my career," a famous war correspondent told his friend, "took place on my way to fill a lecture date in Buffalo. I met a beautiful girl in the diner. One thing led to another and the first thing you know I was being entertained in her compartment. Suddenly she burst into tears. 'My husband is the most wonderful man in the world,' she sobbed, 'and look at me here kissing an absolute stranger.' She painted this husband in such glowing colors that first thing you know, I was crying too!"

"A dolorous picture," remarked the friend. "What happened next?"

"Nothing new," said the correspondent. "We just kissed and cried all the way to Buffalo." . . .

HERMAN MANKIEWICZ is one of the fabulously paid scenario writers in Hollywood, but in common with the rest of the plushy set out there has been experiencing difficulty in finding satisfactory domestic help. His wife Sarah finally reported, "I hired the dream butler of all time today. His name is Rollo." "He looks the part," said Mankiewicz dubiously, "but let's see how well he knows the ropes." "Rollo," he called, "rush me up a double scotch and soda." "Yes, sir," said Rollo with alacrity, but a few minutes later he returned without the drink. "Pardon me," he said, "but would you be wanting sugar in it?" . . .

A MAN WAS FISHING peacefully, one summer morning, when he suddenly heard a woman's voice shrilling, "Help! Help! I'm drowning!" He dropped his pole, dove into the lake, and swam in the direction of the commotion. He came upon an elderly lady spluttering feebly in the water and grabbed her firmly by the leg. Unfortunately, it was made of wood. He reached for her again and clamped an arm around her jaw. This time he came up with a set of false teeth. On the third attempt he fastened his hands in her hair, but alas, she was wearing a wig.

"You fool," she gasped. "Don't stand there doing nothing! Get me ashore. I'm drowning, I tell you." "My dear lady," he answered, "I'm doing the best I can, but you simply will have to give me a little cooperation." . . .

A DISREPUTABLE-LOOKING character waylaid a member of the Racquet Club as he stepped into his roadster and whined, "Just gimme a nickel, mister. I'm starving." The member obliged but couldn't help remarking, "I'm afraid you won't be able to buy much food for a nickel in a time like this." "It's not for food," said the vagrant. "I ain't had a bite now for eight days and I wanna weigh myself."

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

ONE of the few private things left in this public world is the human mind. You can't see it, you can't feel it, you can't hear it, and unless someone is in love with you, you can't dial it.

This has posed considerable difficulties in the past, and psychiatry, raising its own head and its own questions, has sought to take the mental telephone apart, study its wiring, and assign to it certain exchanges which may be dialed when information is wanted or in case of sickness, fire, theft, or general inability to button the top button.

Now the way all this ties in with you is that psychiatry and air conditioning have gotten together, and you and your family have probably gone to see *The Seventh Veil*, or *Spellbound*, or *The Lost Weekend*. And you've been hearing a lot of talk about how the psychological novel is coming to the front.

These days it makes people feel very sane when they see other people who cannot face the world of reality. But let me say right here, that when it comes to exploring the human mind, the movies barely scratch the surface. True, in a book only one of your senses is bombarded, whereas in the movies you get sound too. But **Asylum Piece** by ANNA KAVAN is an exception.

This collection of stories is carefully calculated to give a vivid emotional projection of a disordered mind and the world into which it has been driven. There was a time a while back, when mention of Freud's name was no longer quite so naughty and the thrill of it wore off. In any case, what the reader may expect to get from this book is both a new understanding of breakdown, and some unusually arresting fiction.

To be clinical is difficult enough, but ANNA KAVAN manages to be both clinical and thrilling. Aside from the contributive value of this book to the field of mental literature, this is a work to be read. And once begun, it will not be put down. It's in no sense autobiographical, but the author has worked in mental hospitals and she knows whereof she speaks.

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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Seeing Things

NUREMBERG—CENTURY OF PROGRESS—PART I

ARE the father and mother of the defendant in this court room?" A youngster of seventeen with brown eyes and black hair, a budding cockney with the look of a grocery boy, stood in the dock at the Old Bailey. His eyes patrolled the floor. Guiltily, miserably. Or stared at the backs of his large, outstretched hands, as they rested on the railing before him. His face was reddened with a blush which rarely left it. He kept biting his lower lip to fight off tears.

Below him was a sizable inkspot of barristers, their gray wigs showing white above their black gowns. Confronting the boy across a well of lawyers and clerks sat the judge. He dominated the scene as a mountain dominates the valley that lies in its shadow. He was higher than the boy, and like him alone, but not so lonely. He was a man, costumed as a symbol and trying to think and act like one, though still a man. He was an individual and an abstraction; a modern, yet a figure out of Hogarth. His scarlet robe and powdered wig glowed in the yellow grayness of the court room. So did the fine dispassion of his face. He was awesome in his dignity, fearsome in his power, and as imperturbable as men learn to be who dare to ventriloquize for justice.

"No, Your Lordship," came an answer from the far side of the dock. "The defendant's parents are not here. They are waiting in the corridor."

"Do you mean to say . . ." His Lordship's voice, so sonorous and impersonal before, had thunder in it now. "Do you mean to say that, while room has been made for idle spectators in this Court, no place has been found for the father and mother who have labored to raise this unfortunate boy? Are these luckless parents supposed to overhear from a chance passerby outside what most vitally concerns them? Bring them in at once."

They appeared, and in turn took their places in the witness stand. He was a little storekeeper, the cockney character who seems overdrawn when he wanders into an English comedy. He was oily of hair, pink of face, and flashy of dress. He sported handlebar mustaches, and wore the inevitable thick watch-chain across his ample vest. She was a meek, faded woman in black; a dressed-up version of the char to whom condescending British dramatists turn when in need of a reliable laugh. Her upper plate kept slipping, while tears trickled down her cheeks. Her blue eyes found their way but once to her son's face. She appeared to see only the judge.

There was nothing comic about this couple now. It was impossible not to sense how complete their happiness had been with each other—and with their son—and how utter was their present wretchedness. They had ceased to be cockney, or English. They were a father and mother—any father, any mother—bludgeoned by life, and compelled to say publicly what it cost them anguish to admit in private.

"Before your son was guilty of this immoral attack on a boy of fifteen, what was he like—as a son?"

"'N it please Your Lordship, 'e was always a good boy. Hindustrious, book-lovin', 'elpful around the 'ome 'n shop. I carn't rightly imagine what it was that got into 'im that night."

The father and the mother, they both said this in their different ways. He brusquely, embarrassed by having to praise no less than to defend; she proudly, not bothering to hide that her heart was broken. No one could fail to feel their shame. Or the misery which was theirs. Yes, and the boy's, too. Nor could anyone miss the gratitude which lighted the mother's eyes, and lifted her mouth into a brief half-smile when the judge leaned over to her, before passing sentence, to confide, "Madam, you shall have your son back—not now, but very soon."

—*International News Photos.*

Von Papen and Field Marshal Keitel rise to their feet to plead "not guilty."

I could not help thinking back to this boy, this family, and this English court when, a few weeks later, I found myself in the old Bavarian Palace of Justice in Nuremberg. Such samples of naked grief as these Britishers represented, of families with their lives blighted, of individuals with crimes to their discredit, are common sights in the court rooms of any country. In these cases the faces of the accused can register the misdeeds they have done. If they are guilty, their countenances are part—not the legal but a human part—of the evidence. Moreover, the grief for which they have been responsible is no less visible on the faces of the affected parties. The whole ugly business is within the scale of what features can record.

But as I looked at these twenty men in the dock at Nuremberg, I realized that their faces, however evil, could not bear the full imprint of their crimes. What their expressions should have said, what I had half hoped, half expected they would say, they did not, could not reveal. A Hauptmann, a Judd Gray, a Loeb, a Leopold, a Lonergan or a Heirens can look his part when brought to justice; look it to the full. Or if not, look it enough so that we can read into his appearance what we feel must be there. But not these men.

No mouths regardless of how cruel; no eyes no matter how brutal or how shifty; no chins in spite of their ferocity; no lines however depraved could record their guilt. Their crimes were too far-flung, too grandiose, for their countenances to hold. They were of a mass scale, hideously beyond any individual register. What their faces could not say, the face of Europe—indeed of the world—says for them. Their guilt was written in Coventry and London; in the charred corpses of Stalingrad and Rotterdam; in the stench of Buchenwald. It was written in the agony of slave labor, in the helplessness of displaced persons, in the rubble of millions of homes, of lives, of hopes. It was written in the hunger of the old and the young, in the heartbreak of families, the despair of nations, the moral degradation of our times, and the

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ruin—epitomized outside this court room by the fate of Nuremberg's old Walled City—of that very Germany these men had led to her destruction.

In the dock they looked mediocre enough. Indeed, at first glance I was forced to wonder if they would have seemed different from any group of felons or scoundrels rounded up by the police over a fortunate weekend for a Monday morning line-up. That is, had they not figured in our nightmares, and had their histories been unknown to us. Foreknowledge is the most detailed of painters. It can clothe the barest outlines. Any chance spectator was bound to appraise these men as much by their reputations as their looks. At least, until their faces had been scrutinized long and carefully. Even then they proved inadequate vessels for their villainy. As men, they could claim this much humanity.

In the court room they were shadows of themselves. They bore little relation to what they had been. To comprehend their significance, it was necessary to think back to the years of their ruffians' prowess. And this was not enough. Our memories accommodate themselves too readily to the pressures of the present. If the most recent image does not superimpose itself upon the first impression, it is apt to become blurred with it.

No, to realize the full menace of these men, it was necessary to see them as they actually were; to see them in the heyday of their power; as they saw themselves, and as they mesmerized their people into seeing them. Their vanity made this possible. So did their Teuton thoroughness in keeping records. Downstairs in the labyrinth of the court house was a projection room. There, under the same roof where these defendants were struggling for their lives, an American sergeant ran off a film. It was a documentary which they had assembled for propaganda purposes as the official chronicle of their glory. It proved an unanswerable witness against them and the threat they had represented to all our living.

It was called "Triumph of the Will." In it they—and their Fuehrer—shouted and strutted. They harrangued and paraded. They raised their arms to "Heil Hitler!" Their faces and bodies were as swollen with power as with beer. All of them were distended with triumph; full blown with fanaticism and fury. On the screen they were puff-adders compared to the black snakes upstairs. Their faces were insolent; their voices screams. They went in for mass hypnosis, moving always in groups and appearing always before crowds. They specialized in ritual on the grand scale, in banners and pageantry, in

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Well, don't sit there gawking —do something!

bands and masses, and the obliteration of the individual man. Their witchcraft included fire worship, and hatred was one of their strongest flames. They were Ku-Kluxers and Druids and Prussians all strangely mixed.

Goering, in appearance part ringmaster, part lion, and mainly circus tent, was taking over, too, the functions of a calliope. He made it plain that he enjoyed being the biggest show—at least in his own person—on the German earth.

Hess, with his black eyes burning above the open portcullis of his mouth, and his jowls quivering, was screeching his madman's chant, "Hitler ist Deutschland! Deutschland ist Hitler!"

Von Ribbentrop, in the full, smiling, confident display of his salesman's wares. . . . Keitel, haughty of head and carriage, a totem pole for Prussia's militarism. . . . Kaltenbrunner, with a face all dangerous cliffs and no shore line. . . . Rosenberg, a bully, heliumed to the ascension point with authority. . . . Doenitz, dapper enough in his admiral's uniform for one of Germany's provincial companies of "Pinafore." . . . Schirach, a full moon baying at German youth; a Pied Piper meant to charm rats, not mortals. . . . Sauckel, his features those of a mortgage collector playing Nero. . . . Von Papen, a library lion turning his back on books, his nostrils spread as if pleased to smell them burning. . . . Jodl, in appearance a Bavarian with a touch of Ludwig in him. . . . Schacht, a purse-proud sharper who could have sold marijuana to school children on the side.

They were all there, puckered with pride, deafened with cheers, surrounded by crowds. Frank, Frick, Streicher, Raeder, Speer, Fritsche, Seyss-Inquart, Neurath, and all the rest of their pompous crew. They were all there, speeding down lined streets in huge bulletproof cars, or marching through hoarse thousands to mount the podium of Nuremberg's vast Sportspalast. Yes, even Himmler and Ley (who hanged himself in his Nuremberg cell not inappropriately on the toilet), they were all performing their voodoo dances in front of frenzied mobs before the Hitler who was their witch doctor.

But there was more to them than their banners and their speeches, their threats and promises. There was also the record of what they did with their power after they had grabbed it, when Europe was prostrate under their iron heels. This could be sampled in the uncut Buchenwald, Dachau, and other prison pictures which were shown next. To look at these films required a strong stomach. For the triumphant days of the men in the dock called for agonized shrieks no less than approving roars. The applause they won was paid for in such torture as leaves us in this supposedly enlightened twentieth century with at least one foot in the darkest of dark ages. In addition, there were the "exhibits" to be seen—and smelled—in a small room upstairs. As witnesses against the defendants, both the documentaries and the "exhibits" were of a kind to freeze the blood.

In America I had seen the Dachau and Buchenwald pictures, and wished that they could be made compulsory for everyone, especially for those who, in the natural pessimism of these days of the let-down, wonder what the war proved anyway. But in Nuremberg the films I saw were uncut. The gas chambers; the furnaces; the listless, half-crazed eyes of the starved and vermin-ridden prisoners; the feet rendered toeless by gangrene—these I saw again. Then came a stack of decapitated heads upon which experiments had been performed. And the SS troopers and strong-armed women prison attendants as they picked up shrunken and dangling cadavers to toss them into a communal grave. Next, a relentless bulldozer, driven by a man wearing a mask to protect himself against the stench. This bulldozer nudged against a mound of easily jostled bodies, pushing them for sanitation's sake into an open pit, as their arms drooped, their legs sprawled, their

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leering faces tumbled upside-down with no regard for the dignity of death.

I also visited the small room where the "exhibits" were kept. I saw the steel rod, bent from beating captives; the lamp shade made from tattooed human skin; a Pole's shrunken head, now black in color, the mouth swollen, the beard and hair reddish, which a proud Nazi had mounted on a tiny pedestal as a trophy for his den. And I lifted, unsuspectingly, the lid of a jar containing a grey, cheese-like substance, to inhale—and be sickened by—the scent of soap made from dead human bodies. I looked through the beautifully bound volume which was the official report to headquarters on the wiping out of Warsaw's ghetto. It was extra-illustrated with photographs, triumphantly captioned, of children and mothers being shot, and a man, his arms raised above his head, plunging to his death from the fourth story of his burning home. "They gave their utmost, their life," read the Nazi tribute to the fifteen SS men who fell on the first day of this extermination "while performing their duty. . . . We shall never forget them."

Naturally I wondered the more about those men in the dock upstairs. Elsewhere in the court house I had seen them not only at the zenith of their power but with all their "crimes broad blown, as flush as May." Perhaps inevitably I halfway expected, when I stared at them again from the visitors' gallery, that they would look their former selves. But in the court room they were different. They were fractions of what they had been. Their faces, which were incapable of registering their crimes, had long since ceased to register their triumphs.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. James Steerforth, in "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens.
2. Captain Levison, in "East Lynne," by Ellen Price Wood.
3. Gerald Scales, in "The Old Wives' Tale," by Arnold Bennett.
4. Luke Channell, in "Forever Amber," by Kathleen Winsor.
5. Mr. Thornhill, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Oliver Goldsmith.
6. Jason Greylock, in "Barren Ground," by Ellen Glasgow.
7. Lt. Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton, in "Madame Butterfly."
8. Arthur Donnithorne, in "Adam Bede," by George Eliot.
9. Clyde Griffiths, in "An American Tragedy," by Theodore Dreiser.
10. George Osborne, in "Vanity Fair," by William Makepeace Thackeray.

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THE FINE ARTS

WRITER VS. ARTIST

BYRON once described painting as "of all the arts the most unsympathetic and unnatural and that by which the nonsense of mankind is most imposed upon." On this as on many occasions the poet may have exaggerated for effect, yet his underlying diffidence toward the fine arts is shared by many living writers here and in England. The case is somewhat different in France. There modern authors and painters have perfected the lateral pass in advancing their common fame, so that it is often very difficult for the academic opposition to know who has the ball or even who started with it. Cubism, for example, was invented by artists, but Guillaume Apollinaire was soon so intimately connected with the movement, both as theorician and as creative poet, that he and the cubist painters finished their victory together. Nearly every subsequent uprising in Parisian art has been proclaimed and abetted by novelists and poets, as well as by the critics and art historians, with whom we are not concerned here.

On the whole a close sympathy between writers and painters is less frequent in England and America, though the exceptions are notable. In London, Wyndham Lewis's Vorticist movement of 1914 was launched with the enthusiastic help of Ezra Pound and the more reticent support of T. S. Eliot, while in recent times the Sitwells, Virginia Woolf, and numerous other authors of rank have championed the artists of their own day and written of their work with eloquence and passion. America, too, has modern writers deeply interested in the fine arts, particularly among those who have lived in Paris. Gertrude Stein, Ernest Hemingway, Glenway Wescott, William Carlos Williams—these and other less celebrated authors have fervently supported contemporary painting. Moreover, a few of our leading writers—Stark Young and E. E. Cummings come instantly to mind—have become painters themselves and shown a lyric freshness which professional artists might well envy.

So far, so good—from the viewpoint of the fine arts. But the fact remains that a majority of contemporary Anglo-Saxon writers are either indifferent to modern art or dislike it intensely, the novelists more consistently than the poets. I think apathy, if they feel it, is the writers' own affair: there is no inviolable reason why they should pay attention to another art medium unless they are convinced it can bring them spiritual or practical rewards. It is a different matter, however, when they attack what they have not taken the trouble to understand or lack the visual capacity to appreciate. For being themselves creative personages, they speak with authority to the public; as writers they usually speak well even in error. It seems to me that they bear a responsibility, over and beyond chivalry, to talk carefully about their sister arts or not to talk at all. I remember a lecture by a novelist during which he dismissed all late nineteenth- and twentieth-century painting as quackery promoted by a foreign cabal. He then went on to trace the chronology of art in earlier, less vicious times. The sequence he evolved was like the nightmares of those who work overlong in lost-and-found departments. Fifteenth-century humanists turned up afloat and agape on the lagoons of Versailles; a seventeenth-century Baroque portrait was claimed for a rather unsteady figure named Courbet; the painters of our own Hudson River School rushed on stage fifty years too soon in full Revolutionary regalia. This novelist's capacity as an art historian can be measured as zero or any fraction thereof. Nevertheless, he was listened to with respect by a large audience, particularly when he slashed out at the artists of his own generation.

The anger I felt at this lecture comes back in reading one of the most successful novels of recent months—

Evelyn Waugh's "Brideshead Revisited." At one point the novel's protagonist gives his views on the advanced art students of Paris: "They never go near the Louvre . . . or if they do, it's only because one of their absurd reviews has suddenly 'discovered' a master who fits in with that month's esthetic theory. Half of them are out to make a popular splash like Picabia; the other half quite simply want to earn their living doing advertisements for *Vogue* and decorating night clubs. . . ."

There ensues the following dialogue:

> "Charles," said Cordelia, "Modern art is all bosh, isn't it?"
> "Great bosh."

It so happens that Charles is himself an artist who has undertaken a documentation of English country houses, a work similar to that which at present John Piper brilliantly pursues. (It is interesting to note that Piper regards his own earlier abstractions as essential preparation for his present work, and has the greatest respect for men like Picasso, Klee, and Miro.) Now as an artist Charles speaks with a certain finality, as Cordelia immediately makes clear. Their dialogue might, however, be dismissed as "character delineation," not at all reflecting the author's personal opinions. Unfortunately, we know from recent accounts that what Charles says, Waugh feels precisely. When an exhibition of Picasso and Matisse opened in London last winter, Waugh felt impelled to remark: "[such] modern art, whether it is Nazi oratory, band leadership or painting, aims at a mesmeric trick." He was describing, be it remembered, not the extravagant fumbling of young art students, but the work of two men who for forty years have been recognized all over the world as great leaders of twentieth-century painting. He thus ranged himself squarely on the side of reaction, in the rather dubious literary company of those whose normal subject matter is "The Whereabouts of the Ruffled Grouse" or "Jodhpurs and the Formal Occasion." And Waugh is by no means alone in appealing, as an established writer, to Philistine prejudice regarding the fine arts.

In addition to those writers who feel obliged to pontificate about contemporary art, there are others who use the now fashionable subject as window dressing in their fiction. This usage is perfectly authentic, I suppose, but it sometimes has curious results. I am thinking particularly of "Memoirs of Hecate County," by the distinguished literary critic Edmund Wilson. In this book the central character develops some rather inconsistent theories

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about modern art. Fairly early in the book he declares: "For Clive Bell, the school of painting that began with Cézanne was the herald of a great rebirth; to me, it seemed already to reflect the human decadence and the mechanical tyranny of a dying social system. Though I admired many abstract paintings, I tended to find in them the savage self-loathing, the helpless splintering, the self-immolation, of urban man in the modern world." As criticism this is more or less routine theorizing from a left-wing political viewpoint; a stock speech which many others have recited and which seems valid only if we fail to consider that man's recovery of his visual senses is a vital step in his total regeneration and has been immeasurably aided by contemporary art. But later Wilson's hero decides that the "social angle" in art criticism has been overdone and describes it as a mask to ignorance. Having thereby inferred the importance of historical accuracy and perspective, he himself soon gives an incautious description of cubism as deriving from a crystallization of the Impressionist's atmosphere instead of from Seurat's broad, formalized patterns and Cézanne's planar structure.

Wilson's protagonist does not, indeed, seem very settled in his art opinions. On page 145 he tells us that he has joined the Metropolitan Museum's painting department, and by page 173 is urging that museum to buy Braques and Picassos—a crusade which might be nominated without contest as Least Likely to Succeed. His enthusiasm is startling, considering his previous estimate of abstract art and considering that this art was founded by Picasso and Braque, both of whom have continued to insist on art's right to absolute autonomy (even in the case of Picasso's "Guernica"). In the same paragraph he attacks his boss for preferring Whistler to the moderns, and seems to have reached the conclusion that abstraction is truer to life than the Nocturnes—"Better to break things all up, etc." But remembering his earlier disrespect for "urban man" and "mechanical tyranny," it is odd that he appears to admire cubism chiefly because it relates to "the abstract designs of angles that you get in a modern city and the accidental patterns that you find in machines." He ends up defending modern art against the charge of decadence by claiming that it may benefit later and more creative artists—the old "good-for-transition-only" tag of approval.

In the last analysis it becomes clear that Wilson's protagonist has never made up his mind for or against modern art. Perhaps it was the author's intention to show precisely this fact,

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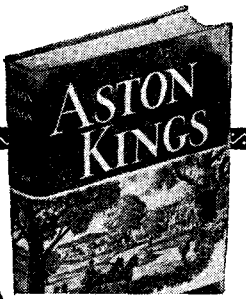

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but the net result is a great deal of art talk which lacks the illumination and accuracy of Wilson's literary criticism. Some of this talk is specious, as when a minor character compares portraits of women by Fuseli and Ingres during the period of the Directory and Napoleon. It is true that both artists were alive and working then, but they were born almost forty years apart, and Fuseli's style was quite settled during the "Gothick" pre-Revolutionary era in Europe, while Ingres belonged to the hardier realism of the nineteenth century. Even though Wilson partially repudiates the character's comparison, the impression of loose generalization remains. And it seems to me that unless novelists can be both illuminating and reasonable in their dissertations on art, it would be better for them to leave the subject alone; better certainly for the public and for art itself.

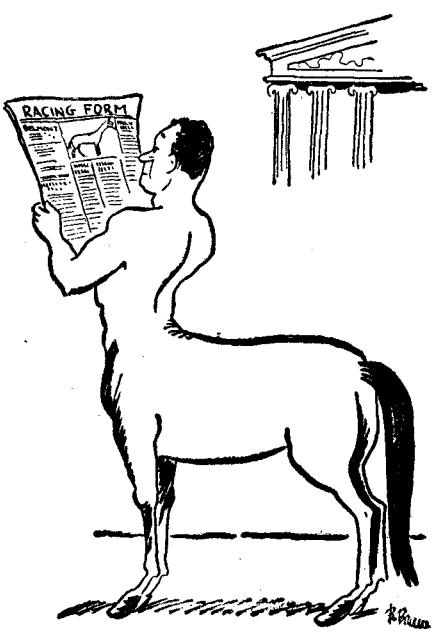
JAMES THRALL SOBY.

ONE MAN'S REDISCOVERY OF AMERICA

(*Continued from Page 6*)

Trout Creek Pass and the Weminuche in Colorado, and the Spearfish Canyon road in the Black Hills; there was Sylvan Pass opening up the whole forested lake-set Yellowstone Basin, and packhorse passes like Hades Canyon up into the permanent wilderness of the Granddaddy Lakes country in eastern Utah. There was the climb between Cheyenne and Laramie where the Lincoln Highway crawled up from the high plains to the Wyoming Plateau; there was San Marcos, switching across the Santa Ynez Mountains and breaking suddenly out high above the long lacy shoreline and peopled rivieras of Santa Barbara; there were little-known dirt-road passes like the Seven-Mile Canyon road over the Fish Lake Hightop to Salina, in south-central Utah—a pass that in the late mountain spring was so paved with flowers that a man could walk twenty miles and never set his foot down without trampling them.

They were fine passes to think of, and fine names to roll on the tongue. And ahead lay Mojave, and beyond



Mojave the real desert. The stiff, cold wind blew us down the pass; the broken desert ahead was misted with dust beyond the scattered buildings of Mojave. But I was perfectly content. I knew that almost anyone in the United States would give his spare tire to be where we were, at the threshold of the dry country, with fifteen hundred miles of it ahead.

DAVE is very mellow tonight. He is a back-road fiend, and is relatively unhappy on asphalt. But now we are out in what even he has to call happily the bald-assed desert. From Windmill Station, where we finally turned off Highway 91, we took a dirt road toward Cima, turned off that onto a still smaller road, and off that onto a trail that dwindled out in a wide wash. The wind was still blowing hard, and it was cold. To get the protection of a reef of sandstone, we lugged food boxes and water butt and sleeping bags two hundred yards through the sand. The place was dense with joshua trees and cholla and barrel cactus. Every shrub we touched stabbed. Young Page stabbed himself on a yucca, which is not called Spanish bayonet for nothing, and then was clawed by a cholla. Only his discovery of the bleached and sutured shell of a desert tortoise consoled him for the cold and wind and thorns. The rest of us, trying to get camp set up before dark, and get some food going, fell back on the jug of heavy sweet wine which Dave insisted was the best of all desert giant-killers—swift and potable and uncomplex. Oddly enough, he was right.

Now about sunset there is a kind of miracle. The wind dies. Our blood lifts to the heavily-fortified wine. The steak we picked up in Barstow fills the little cross-wash with delirium, the dehydrated soup bubbles in the kettle. The sleeping bags, laid out in a row under a mesquite bush, look inviting and snug. It comes back to me that of all the places

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to camp, the desert is probably the friendliest. So far as I know, there are only three indispensable requirements for a campsite: wood, level ground to sleep on, and water. In the desert there is always wood, far more than you ever expect, yucca or sage or greasewood or mesquite, or sometimes the dry stalks of cholla, cleaned of thorns, hollow and bone-dry and perforated with neat surrealist holes, so that every stick looks like the cooling jacket of a machine gun. There is always some sandy wash where sleeping is not only level but soft. There is always water because you bring it with you. And you are pretty certain you won't get rained on.

From a disconsolate improvised shelter, the camp becomes a warm and jovial place. We wolf soup and steak and canned peas and bread and jam, wash the dishes and build up the fire and pull Page's sleeping bag close so that he can drowse in the warmth, and pass the jug again. Miriam declines: she says she has a low emetic threshold.

We sit up till midnight, until the talk has run down and the jug has run out. Up aloft the stars are scoured and glittering, and far down the valley the headlight of a train crawls along the Union Pacific's main line. The tracks probably pass within a dozen miles of our camp, and the main Salt Lake-Los Angeles highway is only another dozen back of us. Yet we are almost as remote as Fremont was in this desert a hundred years ago. The road we came in on won't see a half dozen cars a month, and the highway and the railroad will pour their thousands past without affecting this wash in the slightest.

Somehow the white casing of the turtle, sitting on a rock in the moonlight, is symbolic. Tortoises, like elephants, live a long time and die remotely. In this turtle's deathplace we have come directly and promptly to the ultimate isolation. Snuggled into our bags with the renewed wind in the mesquite over our heads, we do not raise up to watch the headlight creep down the valley, and if it whistles for the crossing at Cima we do not hear it for the wind.

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Sara in a Jam

THE HEART HAS REASONS. By Nona Coxhead. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 287 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

PASCAL said that "the heart has reasons of which reason knows nothing," and Sara Stevens discovered the truth of this aphorism when, in the process of divorcing one man and wedding another, she suddenly fell in love with a third who was not free to marry. Her situation, fortunately not universal and certainly unknown to copy-book romances, nevertheless presents at various stages recognizable human dilemmas.

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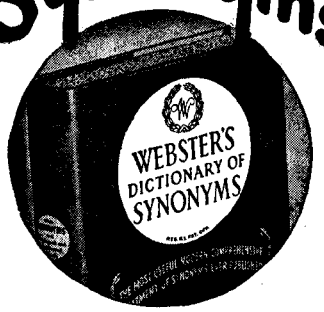

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Chinese Philosophy Boiled Down

THE CHINESE MIND. By Gung-Hsing Wang. New York: The John Day Co. 1946. 192 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD H. HUME, M.D.

NO ONE can fail to be grateful for any statement in regard to Chinese philosophy that is simple, comprehensive, and brief. This little book meets all three of these requirements. Whether it goes sufficiently deeply into the history of Chinese philosophy is partly a matter of judgment and partly one of taste.

Mr. Wang would not wish his writing compared with the writings of Doctor Hu Shih, or his colleague, Doctor S. Y. Chen, now lecturing at Pomona College; or of Suzuki, the Japanese scholar of Confucian philosophy. These scholars, together with European scholars in Germany and Britain, have attempted a far more profound consideration of Chinese philosophy. Let me illustrate by these lines at the top of page 126: "The fact is that in China, religion, state, and learning were intimately interwoven into one single unit from the first century B.C. to the turn of the present century." Such a statement is true only in a relative sense. It is as true as if one said that it would be impossible to understand Chinese medicine without understanding Chinese painting and Chinese calligraphy. Both statements have a measure of validity, but neither is deep enough.

Another somewhat catchy phrase appears on page 127: "We have had our peculiar brand of trinity—the blending of state, religion, and learning in one."

On the other hand, this brief review of Chinese philosophy is like a useful traveler's pocket manual; not something to study, something to be pondered over at midnight, but a brief introduction, with a few simple utterances about the Chinese mind. The story of the philosopher Chu Hsi is entertainingly told, but without reference to what he gained and what he taught during his sojourn in the Province of Hunan.

It would help any traveler who was about to journey in China to have this book in his hands, provided he knew that it was a preliminary study, a sort of quick digest. Take the chapter on Confucius as an illustration of the need of a fuller and more adequate presentation; or the chapter on Hsüntzu as an illustration of a rather sprightly but somewhat superficial statement of the teachings of the distinguished philosopher. It is not a fair statement to say (page 11) that Confucius compiled "all the ancient writings, histories, records, and folklore known to him."

The format of the book is good and the type is very readable. The name of the Chinese philosopher who wrote about the way of the Great Learning should be spelt Tseng-tzu—it is not aspirated, T'seng, as in the text on pages 11, 21, 23, and elsewhere. The book would be far more useful if it had a good index.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEADLY WEAPON *Wade Miller* (Farrar & Straus: $2.)	Stabbing of Filipino in San Diego theatre gives Shamus Tames lead to identities of murderous marijuana ring.	Very tough stuff, with some good characterizations, action all over the place, sultry bits, and finish that delivers real surprise.	Ten-minute egg
DESPERATE CURE *Ruth Fenisong* (Crime Club: $2.)	Belladonna slaying of Dr. Joanne Carr's glamor gal patient involves Doctress in perilous coil. Strange sleuth saves her.	Interesting emotional and psychological study, although certain parts are rather transparently overplayed. Suspense holds well to end.	Good
THE SPIDER LILY *Bruno Fischer* (McKay: $2.)	Returned flyer finds errant wife dead, is accused of her murder, acquitted, and works out equation that solves several slayings.	"Mathematical technique" of solution is interesting, although slayer is slightly shadowy. Poker-playing of hero and his persistency also have their points.	Average

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The Imperfect Brocade

THE BROCADED SARI. By Ishvani. New York: The John Day Co. 1946. 205 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by JOSEPH G. HITREC

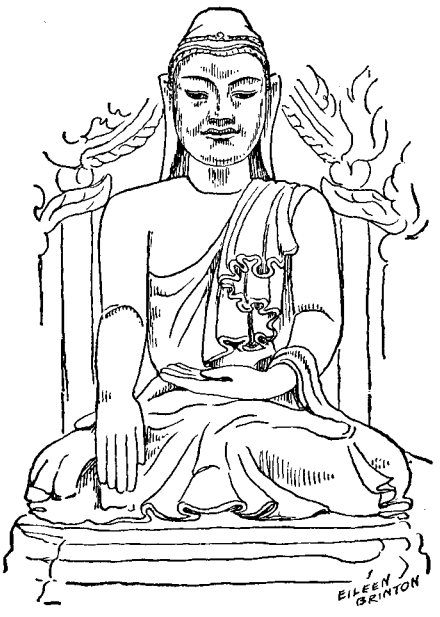
WHEN Ishvani was only a chit in the rambling home of her doctor father on Malabar Hill, her Aunt Soolbai used often to quarrel with her husband, and her anguished definition of marriage used to attain epigrammatic simplicity: "Never again!" Her Uncles Lan and Tan never discussed the subject either, but when their turn came to take that momentous step, they simply balked at it and so revealed their private views. In due course the pressure of the womenfolk proved too great for Uncle Tan, who permitted himself to become affianced to an enormously fat Koja girl; thereafter the subject was even more taboo in his presence. After the death of Ishvani's mother (at the hands of a crazed servant), the father took unto himself another wife, a Koja spinster of twenty-nine whose attitude to the Prophet's holiest injunction was dogmatically unbending ("A girl must have a husband"), but whose rationalization of the custom was in reality quite nebulous ("If you don't marry, who is going to buy you clothes and jewels?"), so that over a period of years marriage got to signify all things to the chit Ishvani save the one thing it actually was.

Several years later her sisters Maya and Lita, seventeen and fifteen respectively, were matched off by the aggressive stepmother, the first to a doctor and the second to a rich merchant "old enough to be the father of both," and both conformed to the annoying pattern of flappers who considered themselves grown up and who from that time onwards did not condescend to talk marriage before their child sister. Thus Ishvani grew up very restless and rather ignorant. When finally her own time came to marry Rashid—a young Ismaili Moslem who had studied in England and whose enlightened outlook became Ishvani's brightest hope—the embarrassing task of disenchanting Ishvani fell to her sister Maya. "There is something you don't know," Maya said to her on the evening of the wedding day, which is to say at the eleventh hour. Maya went on saying it. "At the end of a few minutes I was in tears," Ishvani recounts unhappily in her autobiography. It then dawned on her that marriage was not what it was cracked up to be. The fateful nuptials already carried in them the seed of her future flight to England.

The exact nature of Rashid's debacle as husband is not indicated, nor are we informed how Ishvani came to embrace dancing as a career and became "known to thousands in Europe." For this information we must accept the publisher's word. However, up to that advanced point Ishvani's brocade is fairly dense. It is woven by the hand of an amateur, it is true, and it therefore has a number of flaws, both of texture and design, as she has obviously worked on it in her spare moments and at some distance from her model. Often she can't decide whether to reminisce or spin a mythological yarn or expostulate on behalf of Indian home rule, so that the silk thread all but snaps at times.

The reader will relish the account of the anachronistic ways of the Koja Moslems of India, their courtships, marriages, and casual manner of dying. The Kojas represent only a minute fraction of India's multitudes, but they and their parochialism are characteristic of that shapeless mass which, it is hoped in idealistic circles, the coming independence will coagulate into a spearhead of progress in Asia.

This rambling book is not deep reading. As an autobiography it is too vague, as a narrative too inconsistent. Its twofold charm is the author's regret for a life which, if she had let it, might have stifled her, and the variegated color which that life yields even from a distance. Only Miss Ishvani ought to have remembered that writing, like her own art of dancing, is performed according to rules.



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Right in the Lap

SEND THEM SUMMER. By Hansford Martin. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 288 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by
PFC. ARTHUR C. FIELDS

ORIGINALITY is a hard art to master. Almost anyone, with a little training, can sop up learning like a sponge and discharge ideas at the slightest squeeze of necessity. But what usually results is a disgorging of predigested material. That is why, when a book appears that tries to strike off into untried territory, to sound out forbidden depths, it must be treated more seriously and considered more carefully than the run-of-the-mill novel.

But sometimes writers with new ideas get confused, often using the wrong method of presentation. Believing, as many of them do, that the most popular and the most remunerative form of literary work is the novel, they fall slave to its rule and end up with a conglomeration of sex, love, and ideas that eventually pans out as a poor novel and a poorer presentation of their original theme.

"Send Them Summer" is just such an example. Preaching the somewhat nebulous doctrine that "the world has happened to us," Mr. Martin gets so tangled up in his Air Corps parties and "cruel and intimate [sex] carnivals" that in his attempt to crystallize his thoughts through a final summary, he leaves the reader with a sense of bewilderment.

Starting with the disinterested character of Banjo, a young man who is not particularly keen on anything, the author proceeds to introduce him into a strange society which revolves around its neurotic center, one Charlie Coffin, who professes to be a writer of sorts and who is very world-conscious but impotent. Along with him are a varied array of sufferers: Irene, who has been subjected to the whims of foster-parentage, Professor Ames, who thought and knew but could not act, and Van Brunt, hyper-sensitive and devotional to a fault. These form the stage on which the object lesson must be presented, a lesson that deals with the problems of evil and charity, and the "gentleness of strength" in the hubbub of our modern world.

In many ways, it is unfortunate that "Send Them Summer" yields to this literary confusion, for it is a thoughtful book with a message. "The first thing was to admit it (the world) was part of your evil, not all mamma's, not all Hitler's, not God's. Once you admitted that, you could start thinking out how to act about it." There were many ways to do that: talk about it, run away from it, or join it; or, there was the way that Banjo finally chooses—own up to it and take some of the blame yourself.

And right there, Mr. Martin has staked his claim to originality. For he has transgressed the bounds of the escapist novelists. Instead of solving the problem, he lays the world and all its troubles in the reader's lap and says here is something for you to think about, here is something for you to work on, for here is something that you brought upon yourself; here is something of your own doing.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: NO. 165

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 165 will be found in the next issue.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 164

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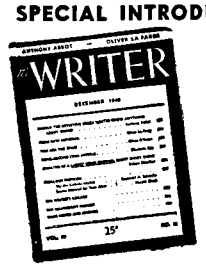

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COPLAND, A LINCOLN PORTRAIT. N. Y. Phil. Rodzinski. Kenneth Spencer, Narrator. Columbia X 266 (2) $2.75	Concert hall type resonance, but studio type technique; good combination. Spencer speaks in loud tones; Could also be done with normal close-range speaking.	A–	First-class examples of recent Copland, neither composed for concert hall. (See below.) Both are easy listening, the composer's best mature style. *L. Portrait* a vital step in adapting radio technique to highest musical purpose. *Appalachian Spring* a long step to a really popular American "classical" style. Buy both.
COPLAND, APPALACHIAN SPRING. Boston Symph. Koussevitzky. Victor M 1046 (4) $4.75	Beautifully clear, light recording. Strings particularly good.	A–	
FREEDOM SINGS, Songs of the War for Spanish Independence. Span. Republ. Army & Chorus. (1939). Keynote 128 (3 10″) $3.75	Made in closing period of Spanish war, up-to-1939 standards. Some distortion of high tones; won't show on cheaper machines.	B	Keynote adds to its pre-war release of records made in Loyalist Spain. Partisan-like songs, mostly Spanish in style, military rhythms. Arrangements good; brass-and-percussion effects in modern style of Chavez and other Mexicans. Singers are strictly professional.

MUSIC AND ELECTRICITY

AARON COPLAND was the first important American composer to recognize in his major works that the concert hall is slipping as the social arbiter of the music world. He is one of the few good composers in any land to write his best music in forms unplayable in the concert hall.

It should be clear enough now that not only have radio and records taken over (or expanded) the concert hall's function, but that a large part of the newer music of all types is impossible to play, technically speaking, under concert hall conditions. Electrical control—in radio, records, films, and "sound systems"—is the biggest reason. It is already basic to the entire popular industry.

The character of music is being profoundly altered to fit electricity. Let a fuse blow or a tube fail and the modern band is as dead as your electric toaster.

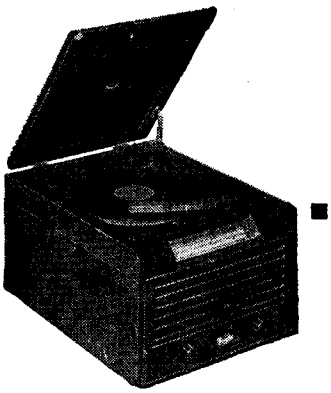
Yet in the "serious" music field, the strictly non-electrified concert hall is still arbiter. To be accepted in musical society, a new piece must still have its formal concert hall debut with critics in due attendance. Music so unfortunate as to be composed for radio, movies, or recording must be revamped somehow, and however it may sound, put through the debut routine.

So much manifestly good music is now outside the pale, however, that we may soon be forced to concede that great music *may* conceivably originate and be designed specifically for electrified performance. If so, most of the credit must go to Aaron Copland.

"A Lincoln Portrait" is a splendid example. It was commissioned for radio performance by André Kostelanetz. The spoken words of Lincoln, heard in the latter part, were intended for the ultra familiar voice-with-music-background technique of radio, which depends entirely on electrical amplification of the speaking voice to match or dominate the music. It was so produced. Yet so good was the music that the Boston Symphony felt called upon to legitimize it. The work was presented in "concert form"—that is, without any electrical control whatsoever. The result was ludicrous.

Yet even with solo microphone and loud-speakers this music could never achieve the right effect with the crass reverberant sounds of a public address system.

The fine recording of "A Lincoln Portrait," reviewed above, is a sample, then, of a new twentieth-century art which, unlike the music of Beethoven and Wagner and the rest, is actually at its best on records and on the air and at its worst in the concert hall. Here, technically speaking, is the real music of the future. EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.



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the Phoenix Nest

AT THE CONCERT

When the applause is over at long last
They rise in great relief. With cultured treason
Remark that it was better done last season—
Bowing to each acquaintance who goes past
With unctuous, grave familiarity.
They smile and twitter, talking of the score
As though all beauty were some game of war
Which somehow hung on their proximity.

Let us, at intermission, in our haste
Remember music is not bartered so,
For those alone distinctly "in the know"
(Whose precious comments are but pearls of paste).
Let us make music with a humble hand
And silent watch her wings, and understand.

HELEN CARTER KING.

* * *

The sun was hot on the back of my neck, and the diamond was dusty and the grass sun-burned, but when "Hemp" cracked out that homer against the Marblehead "Headers" I felt about as happy as I have felt for a long time. It was the first run of the game, and the final score was Rockport 6, Opponents 3. Behind me an ardent fan who seemed to be rooting for Marblehead was explaining all the points of baseball to someone who must have been a refugee, in a ceaseless drone. I had just been jolted back on my heels that day by reading *Pravad's* tooth-and-nail attack on Brooks Atkinson for his articles in the *Times*. The person they were attacking sounded to me about as much like Brooks Atkinson as I am like Eddie Foy. And I had marveled at a great country like Russia allowing such a mixture of fury and nonsense being disseminated among their people. For a minute, it made our own *Daily News* sound like a piker. Atkinson's articles had been critical of Russia; but one of the first things my father taught me as a boy was to be able to take criticism, and not to be thin-skinned. *Pravda*, apparently, won't stand for any kind of criticism. If you venture on any, you are money-mad, a congenital liar, a savage, a pen bandit, and God knows what all. The performance would be perilous to international understanding if it were not essentially childish.

I wonder how the Soviet Union would take to our National Game? It is a game in which both players and spectators frequently disagree with the umpire and say so in no uncertain voice. The rooters also are frequently unfair. I have shouted unfair things myself in the heat of the contest. American sportsmanship is rugged. It is the sportsmanship of the people, and the people are frequently unfair. But a great time is had by all! And provided the umpires can survive the fracas, there is really no hard feeling for any length of time. And there is a lot of excitement. I should think the Russians would like it.

But, as I was saying, when I saw that ball sailing for the trees I had

one of the happiest moments I have had for a long time, and it took me back to my boyhood when I used to root for Buffalo (at one stage of my career) or gnaw my nails as Princeton's Captain Cooney led a batting rally that smeared Yale in Junetime when I had taken a pretty girl to the game. The National Game is a great old institution. It allows everyone to blow off steam, it gets you out in the sun, it used to enable you to eat peanuts to your heart's content, and amateur or semi-professional ball is just as much, if not more, fun than the big league variety. As for Eddie Foy, whom I mentioned awhile back, there is sometimes a red-headed catcher, for instance, who clowns like the revered Eddie; there is a genial tongue-lolling dog who suddenly takes it into his head to trot across the diamond as the pitcher winds up; there is a little girl with the sun in her hair that makes it ripple like golden water, running across the sward between right and center field; and right field slopes up hill to benches under the trees where half of the audience sit (though I prefer the bleachers), while others simply sit or lie on the hillside adjacent to the right-field foul-line, though far enough away to avoid being beaned.

Our National Game where I spend my summers is sufficiently informal to give it the true village touch; and the man who has done the most for the game hereabouts is a notable painter, who is always on the field in uniform distributing fungo grounders and flies to in- and out-field before the game starts. He chose art as a career, but he loves his ball club.

So the world continues with atomic bombs and wars, and hurling insults at each other, and being contentious, and getting all riled up, and cultivating suspicions and fears, intolerance, and misunderstanding. I wish every time they considered having a war they'd turn it into a baseball series. But that, of course, is too sensible, too rational. Nothing like that could ever happen.

All I know about iron curtains is, it'll be curtains for the world if the two biggest nations in it can't really begin to try to understand each other. How about our sending a couple of ball teams over to Russia to interest them in a sporting proposition? Or starting an International League? Get the different nations out on the field and maybe they could all become so interested in batting averages, sacrifice hits, fielders' choices, double plays, home runs, and such, that power politics, aggression or fear of aggression, double-talk diplomacy, and all that sort of rot would go into the discard. And then, too, you can always "kill the umpire"!

* * *

Bernard Sobel of New York wishes to say:

> Earle Walbridge points out in the Phoenix Nest coincidental similarities in the play "Harvey" to a short story published in *Scribner's*, November 1937, called "Mr. Mergenthwirker's Lobblies," by Nelson S. Bond. Another coincidental similarity is more recent. For in Evelyn Waugh's "Brideshead Revisited" one of the characters goes half way through the book talking to a toy teddy bear.

* * *

Betty Belt writes from Washington, D. C.:

> Your recent remarks on Arthur Cosslett Smith remind me of another fine writer of short stories with only two volumes to his credit who is now all but completely forgotten: Harris Merton Lyon. Some light on the author of "Graphics" and "Sardonics" would be welcome.

* * *

Irene Nash Scott of New York City, asks:

> In the Phoenix Nest of June 29 Mrs. Henry M. Rideout of San Anselmo, California, mentions Silberrad's "Good Comrade." Of course it's very good, but how about Miss Silberrad's "Desire," "Curayl," "The Honest Man," and above all, to me, "Petronilla Herroven?"

* * *

—See you at the ball-game!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 647

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

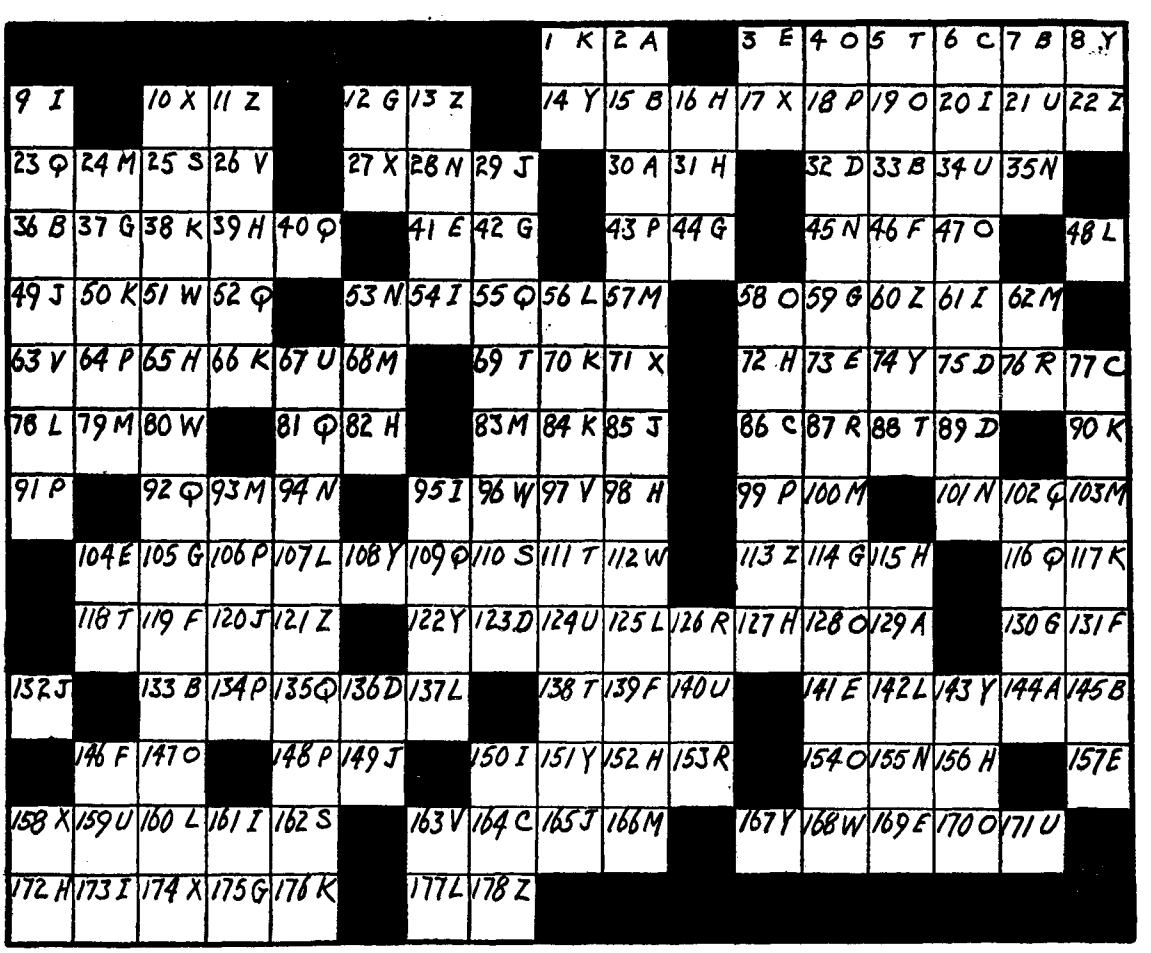
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. America's "Painter of the Soil" (1892-1942).	144 2 30 129
B. Close in personal relationship (Fr.)	7 145 133 15 36 33
C. A physician and companion of St. Paul (Bib.)	77 164 6 86
D. George Eliot's first husband.	89 123 32 75 136
E. To shelter closely; cherish.	104 3 41 169 141 73 157
F. A long-tailed lemur of Madagascar.	46 139 119 131 146
G. Five books of the Hagiographa read in the synagogue on certain feasts (Jewish Lit.)	105 42 12 37 175 114 59 130 44
H. Adjective applied to the form of incisors of the American Indian (Comp.)	172 31 65 127 156 115 16 39 152 72 82 98
I. A place of torment or martyrdom (Bib. origin).	95 20 61 9 54 161 173 150
J. Intoxication (Fr.)	49 120 85 132 165 29 149
K. One who legislates about words.	176 90 38 70 1 84 50 66 117
L. The city of David (Bib.)	177 78 137 160 56 107 142 125 48
M. Annual festival of the Welsh bards, etc.	103 24 79 166 100 57 62 83 93 68
N. British artist, illustrator of children's classics (1867-1939).	94 101 53 35 155 28 45

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. A "Tube" in London (Colloq.)	154 58 4 19 128 147 170 47
P. Dark red or purple rock with embedded feldspar crystals, found in Egypt, much used by the Romans.	106 43 134 18 64 148 91 99
Q. Harsh; rough; unkempt (Comp.)	102 55 92 40 81 52 135 109 23 116
R. Battle of March 14, 1590, Huguenot victory over the Catholic League.	126 87 76 153
S. Marshal of France, 1804, and commander of the Old Guard at Waterloo.	25 110 162
T. An island of a Pacific group known as the Volcanos (World War II).	111 118 138 5 69 88
U. Expressing sorrow or lamentation (as writings).	171 67 140 159 21 34 124
V. A fog made heavier and darker by smoke of a city (U.S.)	63 163 97 26
W. One of the seven deadly sins (Moral Theol.)	80 168 96 112 51
X. Black glossy stalks of ferns used in Hawaii for weaving baskets, etc.	10 27 174 158 71 17
Y. Distance by which the fluid surface level is lowered by pumping, etc., as in a well.	122 108 167 74 14 143 151 8
Z. Like brass in color and luster (of beetles, etc.)	113 178 22 121 13 60 11

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 27 of this issue.

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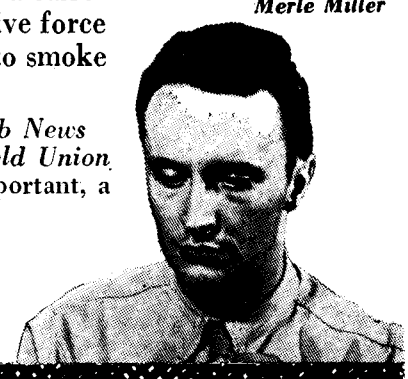

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